The Refuseniks of Kiev
Norman Podhoretz on "The Public Burning"

02830

Saturday Review

September 17, 1977

75¢

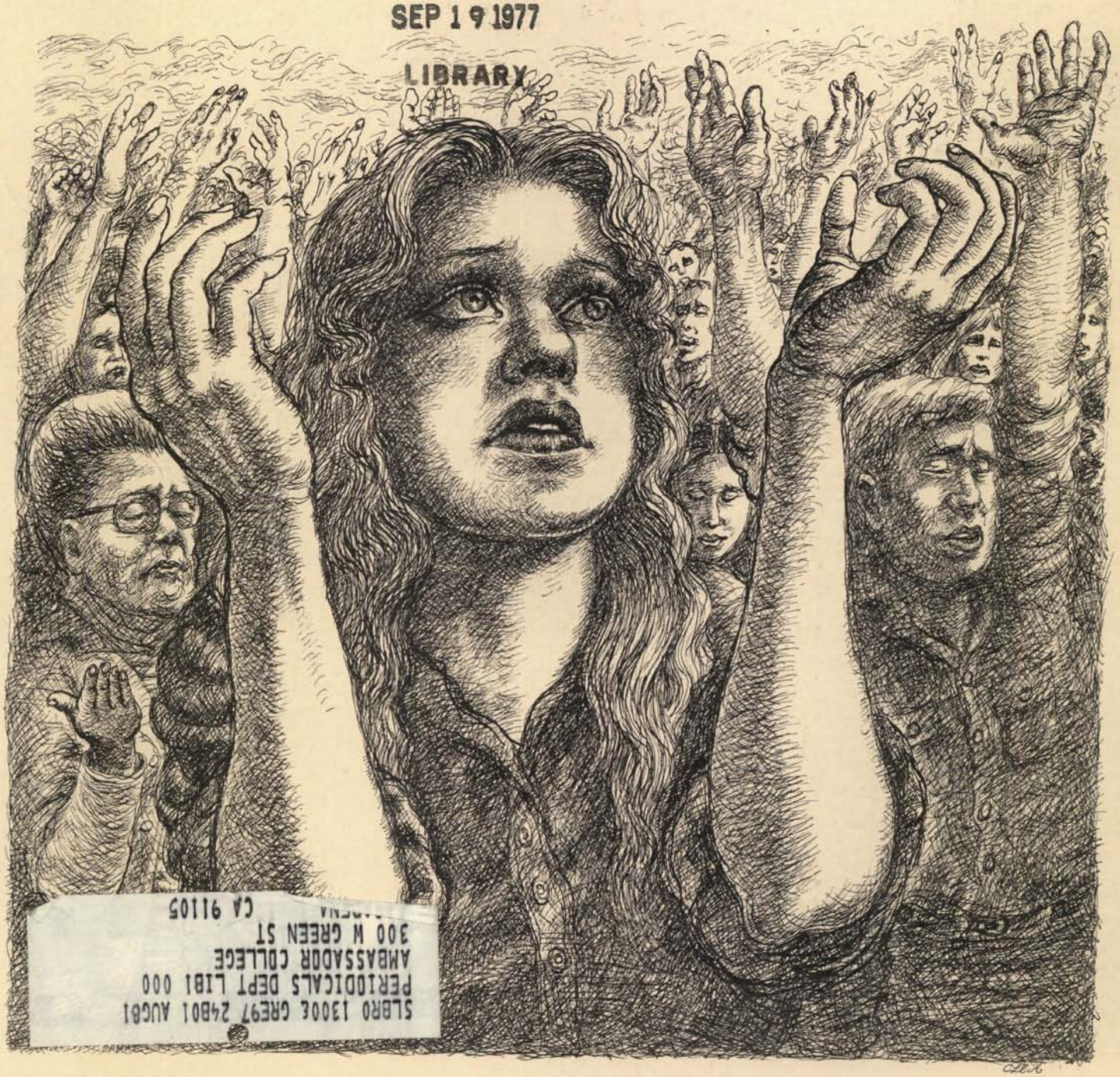
THE JESUS MANIA

Bigotry in the Name of the Lord

Ambassador College

SEP 19 1977

LIBRARY



SLBRO 13006 CRE97 24B01 AUG81
PERIODICALS DEPT LIBI 000
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
300 W GREEN ST
CA 91105

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anything more and it would be too complicated. Anything less and it wouldn't be a Panasonic.

Thrusters.
For an extra thrust of bass.

Systems 2000™ from Panasonic. A compact stereo system that's more sophisticated than conventional compact systems. Yet still very easy to live with.

The styling is lean, low and European. So it doesn't fill your room with equipment. But it does fill it with sound. Because all three models come with Thrusters.™ Panasonic's most exciting speakers. With a 6½" woofer and 2½" tweeter for full range sound. Plus an extra speaker cone (engineers call it "vibra-cone") for a powerful thrust of bass. So important in today's music.

New Duo-Cone headphones.

Each Panasonic Systems 2000 has the kind of power you need: *10 watts per channel. Minimum RMS into 8 ohms from 100Hz to 20kHz with no more than 5% total harmonic distortion.*

And all three systems, starting with the SE-2600, bring you superb FM/AM/FM stereo listening. As well as a deluxe 11" record changer with magnetic cartridge. For tape buffs, the SE-2650 (shown below) adds cassette and the SE-2680 adds an 8-track player/recorder.

And for superb private listening, you can add Panasonic's new lightweight Duo-Cone headphones. They deliver crisp projection and separation for a more natural sound.

Get Systems 2000. And get all of the sound. But none of the complications.

Cabinetry is simulated wood grain.

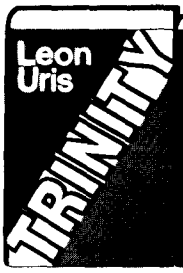
Systems 2000

Panasonic

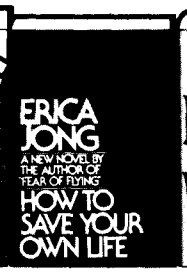
just slightly ahead of our time.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

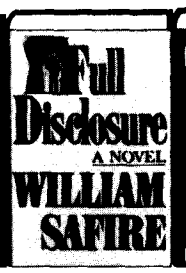
Get today's most enjoyable best sellers.



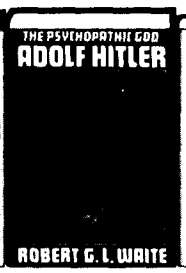
0224 $10.95



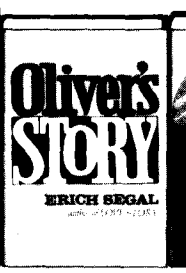
7898 $8.95



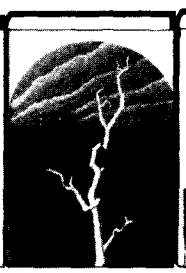
6130 $10.95



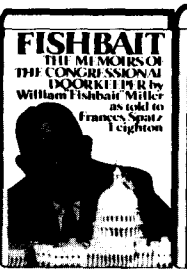
6023 $13.50



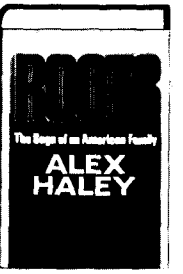
7351 $7.95



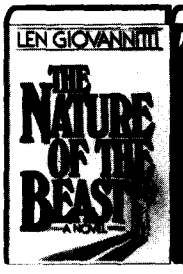
7518 $9.95



6593 $12.50

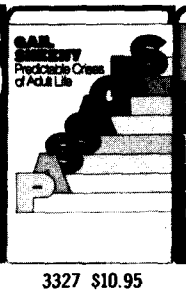


0943 $12.50

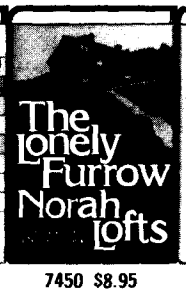


4788 $8.95

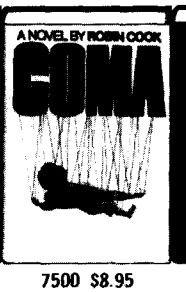
6601 $8.95



3327 $10.95

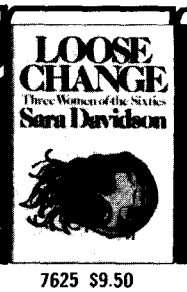


7450 $8.95

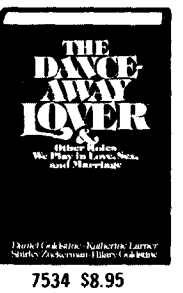


7500 $8.95

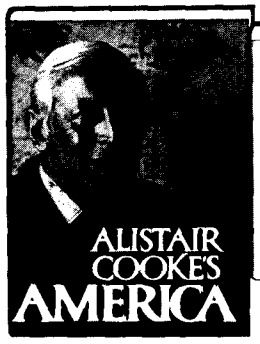
6882 $7.95



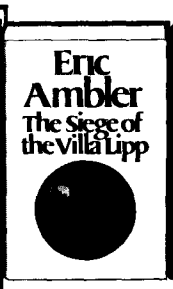
7625 $9.50



7534 $8.95

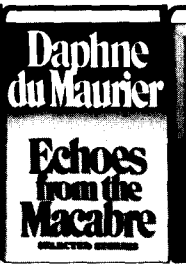


1420 $17.95

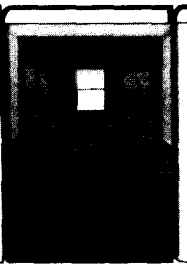


6122 $8.95

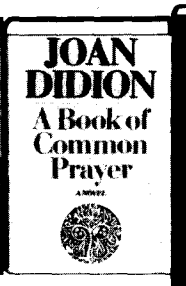
6577 $10.00



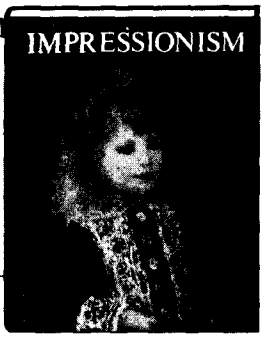
9282 $8.95



6908 $7.95



9290 $8.95



6163 $17.50

Any 4 for $1

when you join The Literary Guild.

Here's how The Literary Guild works:

You get top best sellers at up to 40% off publishers' edition prices. After your membership's accepted, you get your 4 books for only $1, plus shipping and handling. If you are not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days and we will cancel your membership and you owe nothing. About every 4 weeks, (14 times a year) you'll be offered dozens of exciting best sellers at up to 40% off through your free copy of the Literary Guild Magazine. In addition, up to 4 times a year, you may receive offers of special selections, always at discounts off publishers' prices.

You never have to buy a minimum number of books a year. Only buy four more during your membership, after which you may cancel anytime. If you want the selection featured in the magazine or the special selection, do nothing, it will be shipped to you automatically. If you want an alternate, or no book, return the order form marked with your preference, by the date specified. You always will have at least 10 days to make a decision. If you get an unwanted selection because you had less than 10 days, return it at our expense. There is a shipping and handling charge on all books shipped.

The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

The Literary Guild

Dept. MR 422, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Literary Guild. I have printed the order numbers of the 4 books or sets I want in the boxes below, and agree to the membership plan described in the ad. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling. I understand that I need buy only 4 more books, at regular low club prices, whenever I want them. Also, send a FREE tote bag, mine to keep whether or not I remain a member.

NOTE: All prices quoted are for publishers' editions. First number listed below each book is the order number.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)

Address Apt.

City

State Zip

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada. 71-G348

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review September 17, 1977

4 **Front Runners**

8 **Editor's Page** by N.C.

10 **Letters from Readers**

Articles

12 **The Jesus Mania: Bigotry in the Name of the Lord** by Dwayne Walls
The mean streak in the born-again movement

14 **Born Again in Darien** by Susan Heath *Spiritual regeneration in Fairfield County*

20 **The Refuseniks of Kiev** by William Steif *Jews in limbo*

Books

27 **The Public Burning** by Robert Coover Reviewed by Norman Podhoretz

34 **Chaos and Beauty** by Paul Auster *Reflections on the poetry of John Ashbery*

37 **The Ivankiad** by Vladimir Voinovich
The Samizdat Register Edited by Roy A. Medvedev Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

38 **Books in Brief**

42 **Trade Winds** by William Cole

The Arts

44 **Putting Jefferson Before History's Bar** by Karl E. Meyer
The Supreme Court's high-minded propaganda on TV

48 **A Summer Crop of Maestros** by Irving Kolodin
Summer music-making of the purest character

50 **Balletic Ramrod from Missoula** by Walter Terry *Saving the San Francisco Ballet*

Travel

52 **Rooms with a View** by Horace Sutton
The new hotels are not just a pad, they're an experience

Features

55 **Light Refractions** by Thomas H. Middleton

56 **Top of My Head** by Goodman Ace

64 **The Back Door** by Carll Tucker

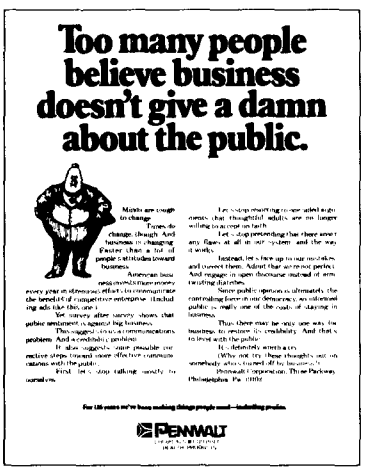
41 **Wit Twister No. 102** 45 **Literary Crypt No. 91** 63 **Double-Crostic No. 131**

Cover by Carlos Llerena Aguirre
Cartoonists: James Begley, Robert Hageman, Clarence Brown, Bob Schochet, Ron Davis, Allen Dodge

SATURDAY REVIEW published bi-weekly by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 246-9700. Subscription price in U.S. and its possessions: one year —$14; two years—$24; three years—$30 (all other countries—additional postage $3 per year). Vol. 4, No. 24, September 17, 1977. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Canadian postage paid at Montreal, P.Q., Canada.
© 1977 by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited.
Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. assumes no responsibility for any non-commissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. BOX 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340, or call toll free (800) 247-2160.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jack Block's class of business majors politely suggested what we could do with this ad.



Mr. Block teaches Business Communications at Mesa College in San Diego.

When our ad ran, he asked his students to make suggestions.

They did. All eighty-five of them. Thoughtfully and pointedly.

"Don't tell us people distrust big business," they suggested. "Tell us what you intend to *do* about it."

If only it were that simple.

As we've said before in this space, loss of credibility is just one reason why business is in trouble with the public. But loss of credibility leads to erosion of confidence in the whole system.

This alarms us. Because we believe in competitive enterprise, despite its defects.

We hate to see the whole system condemned for the questionable or unethical practices of a relatively few people in business who ought to know better.

But *we* know better than to try to defend the system with one-sided sermonettes that insult your intelligence.

Instead, we hope you'll stop and think. We hope the skeptics among you will question certain attitudes of your own.

Maybe nothing business says will ever change the mind of anyone not already sold on the system.

We certainly don't expect an ad to do it. That's not the point at all.

The point is to make you think. To replace a monologue with a dialogue. Judging from our mail, it's working.

Thus the ads themselves are an example of what we "intend to *do* about it."

The dialogue is healthy. We hope it continues.

We also hope we've shown Jack Block's students that we're open to suggestion.

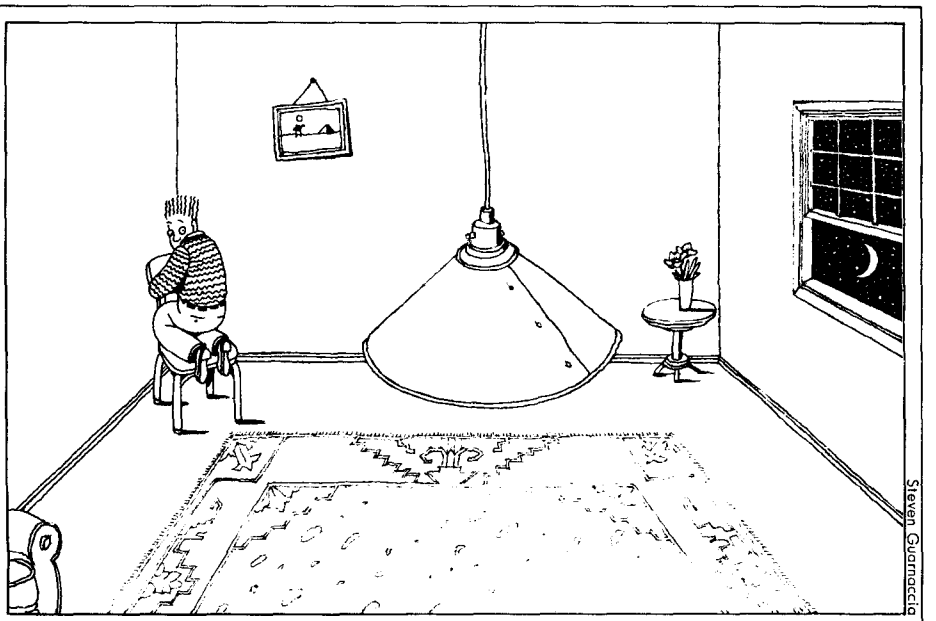
Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 126 years we've been making things people need–including profits.

PENNWALT
CHEMICALS ■ EQUIPMENT
HEALTH PRODUCTS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Front Runners



Growing Up Scared

Are we entering the Age of Fear? Coming up this fall are the following titles: *Stop Running Scared! Fear Control Training: The New Way to Control Fears, Phobias and Anxieties* (that's all one title), by Herbert Fensterheim, Ph.D., and Jean Baer; *Kicking the Fear Habit: Using Your Automatic Orienting Reflex to Unlearn Your Anxieties, Fears and Phobias*, by Manuel J. Smith, Ph.D.; *Phobia Free: How to Fight Your Fears*, by Drs. Zalman Amit and Ann Sutherland; *Nothing to Fear: Coping with Phobias*, by Fraser Kent; and *Fear: Learning to Cope*, by Dr. Richard S. Surwit, Dr. Albert G. Forgione, and Daniel G. Page. Scared?

Son of Brain Drain

Defections by scientists and doctors have rekindled an old English neurosis—the fear of a Sixties-style brain drain from Britain.

Dr. Francis Crick, a Nobelist and co-discoverer of the structure of DNA, recently announced that he will remain at the Salk Institute in California rather than return to his native Britain. And the eminent chemist Sir Derek Barton, who is another Nobel laureate, has just said that he will soon be going to France to head a government laboratory.

Last year about a thousand British doctors moved abroad. As an ironic consequence, Britain has had to ease its shortage of doctors by engineering its own brain drain from the developing countries, especially from India and Pakistan. In fact, the country's National Health Service probably could not function without these immigrants from Asia.

The big reason for all this emigrating is money. As Sir Derek sees the problem, "It's ridiculous that simply by crossing the Channel, one can do the same job and earn three times as much."

Deplorable as it is, this loss of highly skilled manpower is impossible to halt. Scientists, doctors, engineers, and other professional men are part of an international talent market, and there is no way to prevent them from taking advantage of that fact without interfering with their fundamental freedoms.

The only answer seems to be for Britain, India, and other affected nations to lift themselves out of their economic slumps. If that can be done, the brain drain may be reversed—as it was once before, in the last years of the Sixties.

On What Meat...?

Is Idi Amin a cannibal? Probably, says Henry Kyemba, a defected Ugandan official and onetime Amin intimate.

In a *London Times* article Kyemba claims Amin once confided to him that he had often eaten human meat, though he found it salty. But not too salty, evidently: Kyemba adds that when he was minister of health under Amin, "Doctors often told me that bodies delivered to the hospital mortuaries had been tampered with in curious ways." Kyemba also says that in 1974 Amin closeted himself in a mortuary with the body of a slain general, and "only God knows what terrible ritual he was carrying out."

Kyemba's appalling accusations are sure to set off still another wave of anti-Third World jokes about the cannibalistic proclivities of "native" leaders. During Elizabeth II's coronation day parade in 1952, an imposing 300-pound South Sea island queen came rolling along in a horse-drawn carriage, with her physically slight prince consort sitting beside her. When someone asked, "Who is that little fellow?" Noel Coward quipped, "Her lunch, of course."

But whether or not Kyemba's allegations about cannibalism are well founded, his article's other revelations —of Amin's gross illiteracy, his killings and kidnappings, and his constant boasts of eventually fathering 200 children—round out a picture of Amin as a man who at times "gives every indication of being insane."

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in "Front Runners." Sorry—no acknowledgment of receipt, no by-lines, and no return of unused submissions. Please send items to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Continued

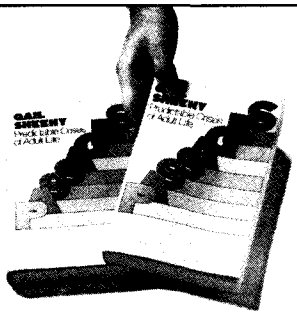
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY PEOPLE WHO DON'T JOIN BOOK CLUBS ARE JOINING QPB.

QPB is a new book-club idea: great books by great writers in full-size, softcover editions. The saving: up to 65% over the hardcover prices. The reasoning: If you don't judge a book by its cover, why pay for the cover?

QPB has a very simple philosophy.

It's a book club for people who love to read and collect important works of fiction and nonfiction, but are stunned by current book-store prices.



104. Passages. Gail Sheehy. In hardcover: $10.95. QPB Edition: $5.95. Same text, type size and number of pages. And only $1 if it's part of your 3-book membership choice.

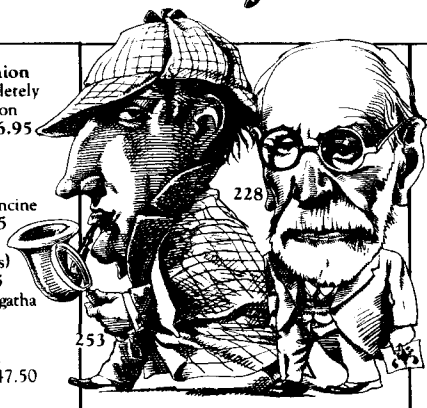
The QPB alternative gives you the titles you want in full-size, softcover editions. These are books printed on fine quality paper, books as permanent and durably bound as most hardcover editions.

You'll get at least one bonus point for each book or set you buy and when you've accumulated six bonus points, you will be able to pick another book or set free.

And with QPB's carefully selected list, numbering in the hundreds (many available in softcover *only* through QPB), no serious reader will have a problem finding books he or she has wanted to own.

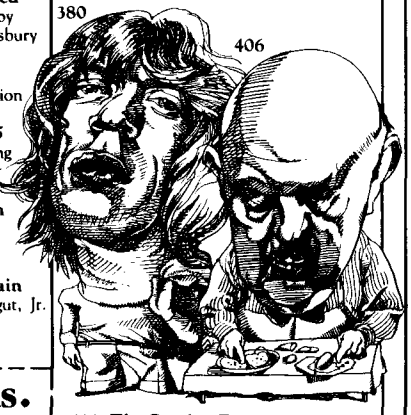
142. The Filmgoer's Companion Leslie Halliwell. The New Completely Revised & Enlarged Fourth Edition (Illus.) Hardcover: $25 **QPB: $6.95**
151. The Lord Of The Rings J.R.R. Tolkien. (3 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: $25 **QPB: $8.95**
188. Lovers And Tyrants. Francine du Plessix Gray. Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB Ed: $4.95**
198. The Best Of Life. (Photos) Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $8.95**
207. Starring Miss Marple. Agatha Christie. Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB Ed: $5.95**
222. The Americans. Daniel J. Boorstin. (3 Vols.) Hardcover: $47.50 **QPB: $14.85**
228. The Life And Work Of Sigmund Freud. Ernest Jones. **The Letters Of Sigmund Freud.** Edited by Ernst L. Freud. (2 Vols.) Hardcover: $27.95 **QPB: $11.90**
253. The Adventures Of Sherlock Holmes and **The Memoirs Of Sherlock Holmes.** A. Conan Doyle (2 Vols.) Illus. **QPB: $7.90**
334. Tassajara Cooking: A Vegetarian Cooking Book and **The Tassajara Bread Book.** Edward Espe Brown. (2 Vols.) Illus. **QPB: $8.90**
370. A World Of Movies: 70 Years of Film History. Richard Lawton (Photos) Hardcover: $25 **QPB: $7.95**

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.



372. The Uses Of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales. Bruno Bettelheim. Hardcover: $12.50 **QPB Ed: $5.95**
375. The Mediterranean And The Mediterranean World In The Age Of Philip II. Volumes I and II. Fernand Braudel. Translated by Siân Reynolds (Illus.) Hardcover: $35 **QPB: $13.90**
380. The Rolling Stone Illustrated History Of Rock & Roll. Edited by Jim Miller. Designed by Robert Kingsbury Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $9.95**
390. The Iliad and **The Odyssey** Homer. Translated with an Introduction by Richmond Lattimore. (2 Vols.) Hardcover: $25.90 **QPB Ed: $9.95**
395. World Of Our Fathers. Irving Howe. (Photos) Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $6.95**
396. The Illustrated Edgar Allan Poe. Satty. With an introduction by Thomas Albright. Hardcover: $15 **QPB: $7.95**
397. The Unabridged Mark Twain Opening Remarks by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Edited by Lawrence Teacher **QPB: $8.95**

399. The Crash Of '79. Paul E. Erdman. Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB Ed: $4.95**
410. The Tolkien Companion. J.E.A. Tyler. Edited by S.A. Tyler. Illustrated by Kevin Reilly. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $4.95**
421. Let Us Now Praise Famous Men: Three Tenant Families. James Agee and Walker Evans. (Photos) Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**
430. House Plants: How to Keep 'Em Fat & Happy. Linda Finkle-Strauss Illustrated by Pam Carroli. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $6.95**
431. Colonies In Space. T.A. Heppenheimer. Produced by Richard C. Mesce. (Photos & Illus.) Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**
432. Putting It All Together: A Consumer's Guide to Home Furnishings. Peggie Varney Collins and Shirley Wright Collins. Illustrations by Philip E. Farrell, Jr. Hardcover: $10 **QPB: $6.95**
434. The Discovery Of The Tomb Of Tutankhamen. Howard Carter and A.C. Mace. New introduction by Jon Manchip White. (Photos) **QPB: $4**



433. The Cracker Factory. Joyce Rebeta-Burditt. Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB: $4.95**
406. James Beard's New Fish Cookery. James Beard. (Illus.) Hardcover: $9.95 **QPB Ed: $5.95**
132. Cat's Cradle, Slaughterhouse-Five and **Breakfast Of Champions** Kurt Vonnegut. (3 Vols.) Hardcover: $23.85 **QPB: $8.35**
427. A Civil Tongue. Edwin Newman Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB Ed: $4.95**
260. The New Catalogue Of Catalogues: The Complete Guide to World-Wide Shopping by Mail. Maria Elena De La Iglesia. (Photos) **QPB: $7.95**

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.
Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3 plus shipping charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want ☐ ☐ ☐

7-QB225-9-1

Name _____
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____
16

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

How membership works
1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *new* Main Selection, plus scores of Alternates. All Main Selections with established publisher's list prices are offered at at least 20% discount off that list price.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Free books.** For each book or set you take (except the first 3 you get for $1 each) you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to free books. You pay only shipping charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

QPB

The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Front Runners

Springtime for Hitler

The rush to upgrade Hitler's reputation shows no sign of slacking off. First David Irving's book *Hitler's War* argued that Der Führer's underlings kept him in the dark about Auschwitz and Dachau till late in the war—and that in any case Hitler wasn't so bad, because he loved dogs and children. Then a German movie, *Hitler—A Career*, portrayed him at length as a staunch fighter against inflation and unemployment—but gave only cursory treatment to the Third Reich's death camp horrors.

Currently, a flood of revisionist books and articles on Nazism is tumbling from German presses. Der Führer is even a living presence in the courtroom: at a recent West German war crimes trial, the defense invoked Irving's book to prove that Nazism wasn't so bad after all.

All this Hitler nostalgia is having far-reaching effects: many think it is directly responsible for the current boil-up of activity among Chicago-area Nazis, who are determined to stage demonstrations in Skokie, a Chicago suburb whose 70,000 residents include 40,000 Jews, of whom 7,000 are concentration camp survivors.

Fred Marshall

The Counterfeit Assassin

Who *was* Lee Harvey Oswald, and why are all these people making such a fuss about him 14 years after his death in Dallas? In his book *The Oswald File*, Michael Eddowes argues that the Oswald whom Jack Ruby shot to death was in fact a Russian agent—an Oswald look-alike who was sent back to the United States from Russia in Lee Harvey's place.

The theory may sound bizarre, but Eddowes is a well-respected British solicitor and legal investigator who, his publishers claim, has devoted the past 14 years to a study of the Kennedy assassination. *The Oswald File* notes various physical discrepancies between the two "Oswalds" and lists other odd, indicative clues to the assassin's identity.

Meanwhile, ABC is shooting a made-for-television film, *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald*, which carries the Oswald story through to the end of his hypothetical "trial." The verdict? That's a secret for now: not even the film's actors have been told how the trial turns out.

With a Grain of Salt

Can a macrobiotic diet cure radiation sickness? This possibility is raised in an *EastWest* magazine article about Hideo Ohmori, who is a leader in Japan's macrobiotics movement.

Speaking recently before the "Conference on a Nutritional Approach to Cancer," at Pine Manor College in Massachusetts, Ohmori said that when the atom bomb fell on Nagasaki in 1945, a macrobiotics-oriented hospital staff physician named Akizuki cried out, "Take salt! Take salt!" (Since the radiation from an atom bomb is extremely yin, Ohmori explained, Akizuki understood that people need extreme yang to counter its effects.) Ohmori went on to say that "the patients and hospital staff who were not under the direction of Dr. Akizuki died one by one as a result of the atomic explosion," but that Akizuki's patients and staff, who had for some time been on macrobiotic diets, survived and are flourishing today.

Though doctors from the World Health Organization and Harvard Medical School were present at the talk, the *EastWest* article gives no clue as to what their responses to these claims may have been.

He Who Gets Zapped

For years, the Algonquin Round Table has symbolized all the wit and sparkle of the literary Twenties. Now James R. Gaines's book *Wit's End: Days and Nights of the Algonquin Round Table* gives that symbol a swift kick in the slats. Various of the legendary Tablers were, says Gaines, suicidal, moneygrubbing, selfish, snobbish, xenophobic, overrated—and too often just plain unfunny. Almost nobody goes un-zinged: Robert Benchley, Gaines says, sold out to Hollywood; Dorothy Parker was a bottle baby; and Alexander Woollcott was an unfair, often cruel reviewer.

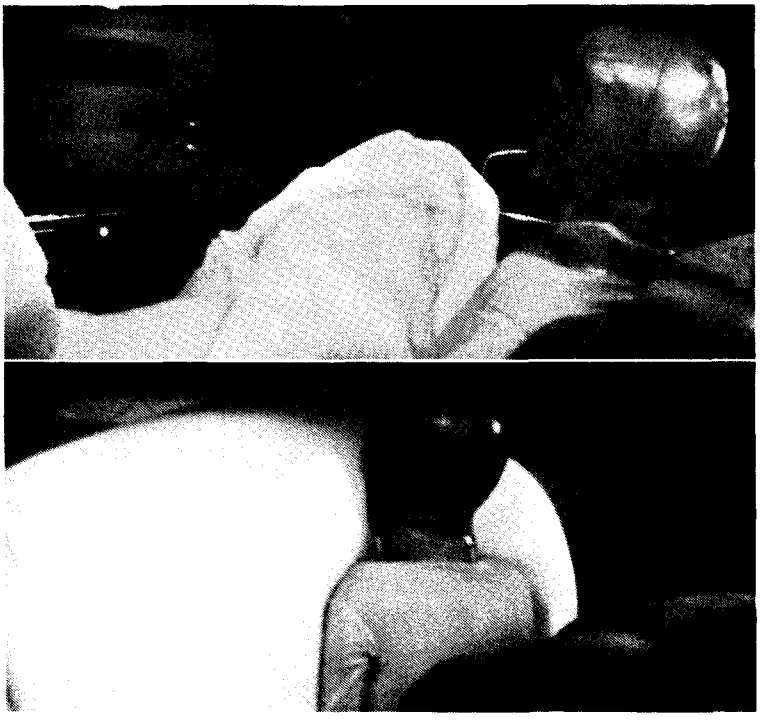
Author Gaines claims that he is not out to shaft the Algonquin circle, just that he is less awed by its members than he was before.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TRAVELERS THINKS THAT STAYING ALIVE SHOULDN'T BE AN OPTIONAL EXTRA ON YOUR CAR.

Last year, 46,000 Americans died in car accidents. Another 1,800,000 were injured.

The cars had things like AM/FM radios, air conditioning, reclining bucket seats, and illuminated dashboards.



Yet a recent Department of Transportation study concluded that other pieces of standard equipment could help. Air bags and automatically applied seat belts, it said, could save more than 9,000 lives annually and prevent hundreds of thousands of injuries every year.

As an insurance company, The Travelers also realizes that automatic crash protection devices not only save lives and suffering, but also reduce the cost of medical care and the insurance that pays for that care.

That's why we will offer a 30% discount on personal injury protection and medical coverage premiums* on all cars equipped with the air bag protecting all front seat occupants. An appropriate discount will be offered for driver-only air bag systems coupled with passive restraint systems that meet current government standards. And if the study projections are borne out, additional savings may be possible.

We like to find ways to reduce losses. For humanitarian reasons. And also to reflect the savings, when we can, in your rates.

*Pending state regulatory approval.

THE TRAVELERS

Raising our voice, not just our rates.

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, and Affiliated Companies, Hartford, Conn. 06115

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editor's Page

When Writers Meet

ONE day last February, a visitor from the Foreign Literature Publishing Company in Moscow arrived at the offices of the *Saturday Review*. Her name was Tatyana Kudryavtseva. Her purpose, she said, was to discuss the possibility of a meeting in Moscow between American and Soviet writers. She had been encouraged in this purpose by American embassy officials in Moscow, who suggested she take the matter up with the editors of the *Saturday Review* because of their identification with the Dartmouth Conference series, a project of the C. F. Kettering Foundation of Dayton, Ohio.

We asked Mrs. Kudryavtseva about the possible agenda for such a meeting. Would there be any limitations with respect to subject matter? It was reasonable to expect that, in addition to talking about literary matters, the American writers would want a frank discussion of the situation of the dissident writer in the Soviet Union. Mrs. Kudryavtseva said that she and her colleagues had assumed this to be the case. She said the American writers would, of course, be free to discuss whatever might be on their minds. The same would be true of the Soviet writers, who had serious questions of their own.

We told Mrs. Kudryavtseva that we liked the general idea and that we would discuss it with Robert Chollar and James Read of the Kettering Foundation, since the most practicable way of proceeding would be to make the writers' meeting an activity of the Dartmouth Conference series.

A few days later, we received a telephone call from Yale Richmond of the U.S. Department of State. Mr. Richmond said he was aware of the invitation from Mrs. Kudryavtseva. The department had felt for a long time that it would be mutually beneficial if leading American and Soviet writers could have a direct exchange of ideas. He also felt that the Dartmouth series might serve as a useful model.

The discussions with Robert Chollar and James Read were equally affirmative. Kettering Foundation would be happy to sponsor and manage the meeting as an adjunct of the Dartmouth Conference.

Meanwhile, the invitation was reaffirmed in a letter we received from Nikolai Fedorenko, editor in chief of *Foreign Literature* magazine and former Soviet ambassador to the United Nations. The meeting would be held at the headquarters of the Union of Soviet Writers in Moscow. He gave us a choice of dates.

Within a few weeks, the formation of the American delegation was complete: Edward Albee, playwright; Vera Dunham, professor of Slavic languages; Robert Lowell, poet and Pulitzer Prize winner: Elizabeth Hardwick, critic and novelist; Nathan Scott, critic and professor of humanities; William Styron, novelist and Pulitzer Prize winner; Leo Gruliow, editor of *Current Digest of the Soviet Press*; and myself.

Our group met twice before our arrival in Moscow. The first meeting was in the boardroom of Random House in New York, at the invitation of Robert Bernstein, who had assembled a number of people with a special interest in the Soviet book world. Mr. Bernstein, president of Random House, has taken an active role with the Association of American Publishers in the development of relations between American and Soviet book publishers.

The briefing at Random House acquainted us with the situation of the dissident writers in the Soviet Union. It was suggested that we communicate directly with them after our arrival in Moscow. We were assured that the dissidents would be happy to have us call them personally, despite the apparent risk to them. It might be helpful to them, we were told, if the Soviet government knew that Americans were taking a direct interest in their situation.

The second meeting of the American writers as a group was in Frankfurt, where we assembled before flying on to Moscow. We readily agreed that we would have no uniform strategy or "team plan." We would speak not as a group but as individuals, even if it meant disagreeing among ourselves.

As for the dissidents, we were troubled because of reports in the Western press that the Soviet government was cracking down on citizens who were known to be in direct contact with outside journalists. The last thing in the world we wanted to do was to make anyone's personal problem worse than it already was. Accordingly, we decided not to make approaches to dissident writers without first obtaining assurance from a knowledgeable third party that the particular individual would in fact welcome the direct contact. But we saw no reason why we should not bear witness to our concern for the dissidents at the conference table or in any direct exchanges we might have with government officials.

We were met on our arrival at the Moscow airport by representatives of *Foreign Literature* magazine and the Union of Soviet Writers. We were whisked by car to our hotel, comfortable and commodious, in a quiet section of Moscow about 15 minutes from Red Square.

The next morning, chauffeured cars drove us to the headquarters of the writers' union, an ample building with several wings containing conference facilities, lounges, and restaurants.

We learned that the writers' union is more than a professional association; it has a publisher's role and receives a substantial portion of its income from the sale of books. The system of payments to Soviet authors contrasts sharply with the American practice, under which authors are paid royalties according to sales. Soviet writers are paid according to the length of their manuscripts. A manuscript of about 350 pages, for example, would give the author about $4,000. Very successful and established authors can augment this income with drawing accounts. There are other perquisites, including housing accommodations, vacation/resort facilities, and secluded places where members can work on their books—a sort of year-round MacDowell Colony arrangement.

The room for our conference had been specially equipped for simultaneous translation. A translator's booth was at one end and an observers' section at the other. The conference

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

table was an ample affair, with places for at least two dozen participants. We learned that at least two dozen more writers had indicated an interest in participating but had to be turned away.

In any event, the list of Soviet participants handed us at the opening session contained some 30 names, many of them internationally known. These included Chinghiz Aitmatov, poet and novelist; Vasili Aksyonov, novelist and short-story writer; Yuri Bondarev, novelist; Konstantin Chugunov, critic and translator; Valentin Katayev, poet, playwright, and novelist; Tatyana Kudryavtseva, editor and translator; Maurice Mendelson, professor of American literary studies; Alexander Mulyarchik, anthologist and professor of American literary studies; Yuri Nagibin, novelist and film writer; Boris Pankin, author, critic, and chairman of the board of the new copyright office; Yuri Trifonov, historian, essayist, and novelist; Andrei Voznesensky, poet; Sergei Zalygin, essayist and novelist; and Izabella Zorina, editor and translator.

Chairman of the Soviet delegation was Nikolai Fedorenko, who in addition to his work as diplomat and editor has written extensively on Chinese literature. Ambassador Fedorenko opened our conference with a warm welcome, then spoke of the widespread interest of Soviet readers in American writing and writers. He described the work of the *Foreign Literature* magazine and provided an impressive array of statistics about the size of the Soviet audience for books by foreign authors and for magazines dealing with foreign literature.

Ambassador Fedorenko stressed two themes, which recurred throughout the Soviet presentations. One theme was the wide availability of books by American writers in the Soviet Union. The other was the contrasting absence of current Soviet writing in the United States.

We learned that there is hardly an American author of consequence, contemporary or classical, who is not known to Soviet readers. In the U.S.S.R., books by American writers have an average initial printing of 85,000 copies—more than five times the size of the first printings of many of the same titles in the United States. What is even more impressive is that these printings are generally sold out 24 hours after reaching the bookstores.

The classical names in American literature—names like Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne—have always been Soviet favorites. Very high in popularity, too, are major American writers of the twentieth century: Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Steinbeck, William Faulkner, Sinclair Lewis.

The big surprise, however, is that Ernest Hemingway no longer rules the roost. For almost four decades, Hemingway went unchallenged as the leading American writer. In the past year or two, however, he has been overtaken by William Faulkner—at least in the estimation of prominent Soviet critics. This opinion, which tends to correspond with the prevailing estimate in American literary circles, is a reflection of the growing sophistication of Soviet critics about writing in the United States.

Most heartening of all to the Americans around the table was the information given us about the growing awareness of Soviet critics and readers of current American authors. Frequent references were made to the work of Saul Bellow, John Cheever, John Updike, Robert Penn Warren, Kurt Vonnegut, John O'Hara, John Gardner, Joyce Carol Oates,

Literary conferencing: American and Soviet writers exchange views at a meeting in Moscow —"The artist need never apologize for putting his entire heart and soul into his work; this is what he is expected to do."

James Baldwin, Michael Crichton, Joseph Heller, Studs Terkel, and Ralph Ellison, among others.

After providing a detailed account of Soviet interest in American writing, Ambassador Fedorenko spoke of the disappointment of many Soviet writers in not being published in the United States. Like many of the Soviet speakers who followed him, Ambassador Fedorenko wondered why American publishers seem to feel that the only Soviet writers worth publishing are those who are out of favor in their own country. Isn't it reasonable to suggest, he asked, that a literary rather than a political yardstick be applied to a writer's work?

In any event, Ambassador Fedorenko said he was pleased that Soviet and American writers could meet with one another and talk freely about whatever was on their minds.

In my opening response as co-chairman, I recalled that 18 years earlier I had visited the office of the Union of Soviet Writers and proposed that writers from the two countries have a direct exchange of views. Even then, the question of disparity in the publishing programs of both countries was troublesome to Soviet writers. I described my very vivid recollection of hearing the leading Soviet writers at the time ask why so few of their works were available in the United States while so many of ours had such a wide circulation in the U.S.S.R.

Yet it was a mistake to believe, I added, that no progress has been made. In 1959, only a handful of American colleges and universities had departments of Slavic languages or Russian studies. Today, it is difficult to name a university that does not have such a department. The number of books by contemporary Soviet authors published in the United States may be unimpressive right now, but, thanks largely to American colleges and universities, a substantial audience is in the making for works of genuine literary merit by Soviet writers.

Another positive factor in the making of improved literary relations between the two countries is the acceptance by the Soviet Union of the Universal Copyright Convention in 1973. The fact that the U.S.S.R. had published American literary works without obtaining the consent of the authors and without paying royalties had been a serious obstacle in cultural exchanges. Having been involved myself for many years in the negotiations leading to a copyright agreement

Continued on page 57

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters from Readers

Dynamics of the Urban Dinosaur

The article by William G. Conway ["The Case Against Urban Dinosaurs," May 14], despite some insights and provocative observations, badly misses the point about central-city dynamics. The case should be made that downtown megastructures bring problems. But the multi-use enclaves that John Portman and others have built are the guts of urban revitalization. Far from being the "dinosaurs" of Mr. Conway's imagination, megastructures take the critical step in the inevitable reorganization of downtown space.

Mr. Conway does a disservice in implying that the concerted efforts to create open spaces, recast public policies, and spend large sums for other improvements are desperate attempts to solve the problems created by unwise megastructure investments. More experienced men than Mr. Conway foresaw years ago the necessity to reorganize downtown areas.

The so-called decline of the downtown economy, often represented by the shrinking number of business district entrepreneurs, has been under way for many years. It has nothing to do with the development of megastructures or of other new downtown buildings.

Furthermore, what is the logic that says that urban employment has to keep growing to prove downtown's economic viability? With such an area's circumscribed boundaries, a static rather than a growing level of employment may be more reasonable and indeed more desirable.

Some of Mr. Conway's points were set forth as "evidence." Streets, he laments, are being replaced by enclaves as "organizers of activity." Of course they are; that's exactly the point. Hot, cold, congested, polluted streets lined with the real dinosaurs that the writer apparently does not recognize have failed as organizers of activities.

Mr. Conway blames all kinds of bad things on the megastructures—pressures for more costly expressways, parking, rapid transit systems, people movers, and so on. Such pressures predate megastructures by at least 20 years.

He worries about the demise of the small entrepreneur in the wake of the megastructure's impact on land values. He cites the area north of Atlanta's Peachtree Center, which he says used to provide a broad range of services. That section, in fact, was the deadest piece of real estate in the downtown. There wasn't any activity there until John Portman made upper Peachtree the busiest area in Atlanta.

Mr. Conway talks about the high rate of vacancy in downtown Atlanta office buildings, somehow tying it to the growth of the megastructure. One need only look back on three years of recession to find out where to place the blame.

One must give Mr. Conway credit for a provocative polemic; surely he has put his finger on some of the great challenges to city planners and business leadership. It is unfortunate, however, that he sees the issues he poses not as challenges, but as the end of the line.

Philip Hammer
Washington, D.C.

William G. Conway replies: Far from being the "end of the line," the megastructure phenomenon, I hope, will provoke an open discussion about the distribution of local political resources—local political strings, that is, that pull in building permits and favorable zoning ordinances, among other things.

The megastructure is only the tip of the iceberg in the "dynamics" of city-saving that Mr. Hammer has advocated and implemented ever since he was the director of the Atlanta Metropolitan Planning Commission in the early Fifties. Mr. Hammer's formula for downtown areas requires that thousands of homes be plowed under in destructive highway and urban renewal programs (which he has already effected in Atlanta) and that the taxpayers empty their pockets subsidizing facilities like auditoriums and stadiums that will encourage building booms in the private sector. The megastructure, simply, is the baby of the most recent such building boom.

The problem with Mr. Hammer's "dynamics" is that each time such a public investment has been made in the name of public savings, there has never been quite enough money left to take care of those who have been victimized by "innovative" urban policy—the displaced poor. The private sector, which invariably cashes in on the benefits of public spending, is exempt from bearing the burden.

The determined efforts of Mr. Hammer and his cohorts have indeed "circumscribed the boundaries" of downtown areas—the ethical and economic boundaries. Despite the efforts of Mayor Maynard Jackson, and despite the changing political climate in Atlanta, low-income blacks are slowly and surely being removed from sight—their homes, their shopping areas, and the buildings where they worked, all devastated by the "inevitable reorganization of downtown space" that Mr. Hammer finds so attractive. I find that same reorganization socially unforgivable and economically inexplicable. The goal of the reorganizers, in short, is to transform downtowns from robustly tawdry diversity into anemic elite conformity. Who pays the price?

Saturday Review

Editor
Norman Cousins
President
Carll Tucker

Managing Editor
Peter Young
Editorial Director
Horace Sutton
Art Director
Alfred de la Houssaye
Senior Editors
Hallowell Bowser, Roland Gelatt, Doris Grumbach, Susan Heath, Irving Kolodin, Albert Rosenfeld, Roger M. Williams
Associate Editor
Susan Schiefelbein
Copy Editor
John Tarkov
Associate Art Director
Lily Hou
Assistant Art Director
Laura Hart
Assistant Copy Editors
Joan E. Henricksen, Carol Mauro
Assistant Editors
Karen Braeder, Susan von Hoffmann, Susan Ochshorn
Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace, Clarence Brown, John Ciardi, William Cole, Fred M. Hechinger, Katharine Kuh, Karl E. Meyer, Thomas H. Middleton, Gordon Rogoff, Walter Terry, Margaret R. Weiss, Anthony Wolff

Advertising Director
Anthony Salisbury
Associate Publishers
Richard B. Barthelmes, William Stutts
Travel Advertising Manager
Jay Stelzer
Advertising Sales
Rebecca Landsman, Vicki H. Richards
Classified Advertising Manager
Charlotte Henkel
Director of Advertising Services
Joan Grant
Advertising Representatives: Western Region, Donald G. Dickey Co., 681 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94105; Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Detroit, Robert M. Morin, S.M.A., 19400 W. 10 Mile Road, Suite 216, Southfield, Mich. 48075; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives, Inc., Atlanta (404) 352-2173, Miami (305) 856-8326, Tampa (813) 837-5618
Research Director
Judy Berenberg
Circulation Director
George Reeves
Controller
Nathan Cohn
Assistant to Controller
Bobby Levasseur
Accounting
Dave Freed
Office Manager
Susan Selby
Administrative Assistants
Dorothy Murray, Emily Suesskind, Mary Swift

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom

"Millionaires Are Not 100 Times Smarter Than You, They Just Know The Wealth Formula."

Mark O. Haroldsen
Millionaire in 48 Months

We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Because of this common interest, I think we can be of great help to each other. You see, a little over twelve months ago my net worth reached the magic million dollar mark, and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow $150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average and I think that if you'll stop and think, you'll realize and agree, there is not a single millionaire that is 10, 20, or 50 times smarter than you, or that works 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

Now, how can we help each other? I am willing to share everything I have learned and know that would help and guide you to achieve your own financial freedom and independence. But the only way I would ever give you my secrets, methods and formulas is if I benefit also. Because as you will find when you reach your ultimate financial goals, you really don't want to stop there but you are motivated to go and make more. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step by step plan to actually do it.

You may have seen part of my formulas described in various publications, such as the November edition of Nations Business, page 69. This work is entitled **How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You.** The various formulas contained in the volume will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put $10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property)
- compound your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to spend three weeks out of every month doing anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what real freedom is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put $10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

These formulas of mine do not have to be used with income properties only. They actually can be applied to virtually any asset.

While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone who made a fortune starting with nothing.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the $12.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

What will this $12.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step by step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilema. I'm not a New York advertising agency, with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

What would you do, if you were in my shoes. You have in excess of $1,000,000 net worth, you have a desire to share your formula with others, because you not only have a simple, honest and workable method whereby others too can enjoy the riches of this land, but you also want to benefit and make money from sharing this information, so you can continue to grow financially.

I think you might do what I'm doing — that is to write a simple open letter to the type of people who share similiar goals as mine asking them to try the formulas for themselves, to see if they work as well as the claims described. Because, I know, as you would know if you were in my shoes, that if I can just convince you to test my formulas and methods, you will see for yourself that they will work as easily for you as they did for me.

It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple, direct approach, I can convince you to try my formulas.

It seems the majority of the people in our rich country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to subscribe, do it now, not later. Otherwise, you may lose, just by default.

To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom Package", and send it along with a check for $12.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. E-931, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 South Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can easily borrow from $20,000 to $200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

Mark O. Haroldsen

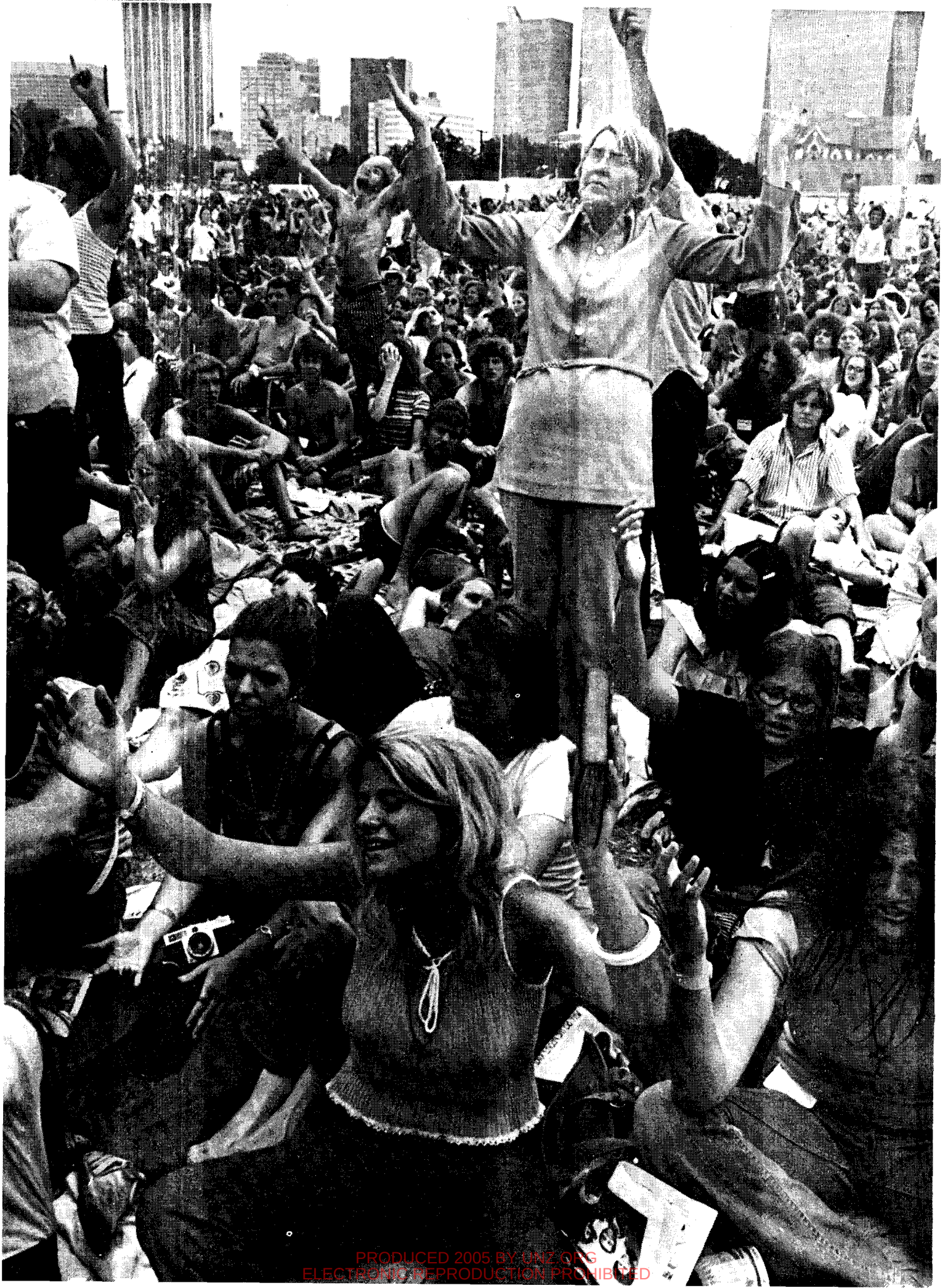
P.S. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others. I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order. Also, if you would like to check a few of my references, I have listed some below.

Tracy Collins Bank & Trust, 107 South Main, Salt Lake City, Utah Attn.: Beverly Smith, Manager.

Charles Huber, C.P.A., 1850 Beneficial Life Towers, Salt Lake City, Utah. 801-531-8286.

2R-12 WSJ © Mark O. Haroldsen 1977

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE JESUS MANIA

Bigotry in the Name of the Lord

by Dwayne Walls

BUSINESSMAN Roy Brown flipped through the sheaf of papers his secretary had prepared for him and then handed it across the desk to his client. The deal was about to be closed.

The client accepted the papers, but he ignored the pen Brown offered him. "There is one other thing," the man said. "Are you a born-again Christian?"

This scene occurred in Charlotte, North Carolina, last spring. The business deal went through, but Roy Brown (a pseudonym) wishes now he had never seen that particular client. By refusing to kneel in the office for a word of prayer, by declining to discuss his religion because he believes it is a personal matter (he is a practicing Christian), Brown opened himself to a systematic missionary effort by representatives of various evangelical organizations.

At first it was merely annoying, but as Brown's resistance stiffened, the calls and visits became threatening. After three months, the campaign against him had turned into downright harassment. Now Roy Brown is worried. His business is prosperous, but it is small enough to be susceptible to the economic pressure implied during the most recent visits.

"I'll tell you the truth," he confessed a few weeks ago. "It has gotten to the point where I've actually thought of knuckling under, just telling them a lie and joining them to get 'em off my back."

What is happening to Roy Brown in Charlotte is happening—with variations—to businessmen, salesmen, tradesmen, laborers, professionals, students, and others all across the United States. Brown is but one victim of the militancy and overzealousness—"the mean streak," a noted theologian has called it—that has at times accompanied the astonishing "Jesus movement."

As everyone with eyes and ears now knows, the movement has become a national phenomenon. Tens of millions of Americans are parading their version of the Word on the sidewalks and in thousands of denominations, one-congregation churches and quasi-churches, radio and television ministries, cults, sects, fellowships, house-to-house visits, and religion-oriented business ventures. What few people know is the extent of the pressure, harassment, and intimidation involved in some of these "spiritual" activities. The country seems to be increasingly well supplied with zealots who take the conversion of their fellowman as the supreme act of faith. They are splitting established churches, severely testing the concept of religious freedom, and embarrassing believers whose theology cannot be summed up on a bumper sticker or a T-shirt.

Declaring for Jesus in Dallas—It all seems wholesome and benign, yet "examples of intimidation are surfacing in ever increasing numbers."

As the story of Roy Brown demonstrates, the Jesus movement can be intolerant, presumptuous, and pushy. The pushers are not only born-again Christians; they are also Messianic Jews (including "Jews for Jesus") and "Moonies" (followers of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon). Further, their ranks are comprised not just of people proclaiming their own salvation but also of people making great amounts of money. Like many such movements, this one has become big business.

Examples of irrationality and intimidation are surfacing in ever increasing numbers. Some are quite familiar: the tragedy of the Moonies' families, with parents resorting to the violent kidnapping of their children, who they believe have been seduced and brainwashed by a false messiah; the swelling rhetoric of street preachers, in some places so disruptive that local officials threaten to arrest them for disturbing the peace. The victims are on both sides, and sometimes they are not yet on either side.

Other examples of the Jesus movement's excesses are not at all familiar; and they run directly against the American precepts of respect for one's fellowman and tolerance, even encouragement, of a multinational, multifaith society. Consider:

- In the Boston area last fall, the president of a small electronics manufacturing firm dissolved his entire distribution network of 14 dealers and distributors because he felt compelled by God to make the company all-Christian. The firm now contracts with and hires only people who believe in Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior.
- In Baltimore, the Born Again Realty company, an affiliate of the National Network of Christian Realtors, used to advertise, "Christians preferred." Under criticism, the company deleted the reference.
- In Okaloosa County, Florida, the public school board tried to fire a young teacher who objected to the board's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy of opening every school day with a required classroom prayer and Bible reading. The teacher, also a Methodist Sunday School teacher, pointed out that the practice was coercive and in violation of the U.S. Supreme Court ruling on prayer in the public schools. The legal battle for her job continues, and so does the campaign of harassment and vilification conducted against her by staunch fundamentalists.

- In the Denver area, parents found that musicians brought into the public schools for concerts were lacing their entertainment with a not-so-subtle pitch for religious conversion.
- In Atlanta, a Jewish woman discovered that the orthodontist who was treating her fifteen-year-old son was trying to straighten out more than the boy's teeth. The doctor, a born-again Christian, had spent the first two-hour session with the boy attempting to convert him from Judaism to Christianity.

THE impact of the Jesus movement can be measured by much more than these individual instances of provocative, even belligerent, behavior. It can be measured by a power shift within the vague confines of American organized religion. Some "main line" churches that have traditionally set the pace of religious thought and action—churches that fostered a religion of reason as well as of faith and that preached the social gospel as well as the Bible—are now being eclipsed or transformed. They are struggling, sometimes desperately, to hold on to their liturgy and traditions while at the same time holding on to their members.

For example, among the nation's 49 million Catholics, only one-fourth of whom are considered active churchgoers, an estimated 2.5 million now speak in tongues and consider themselves not merely Catholics but "charismatic" Catholics. They are members of a movement called Charismatic Renewal, which is nothing more than Pentecostalism, or the Holiness faith, with a new name. (The Pentecostals were once widely known as "Holy Rollers" because of the extreme emotionalism of their worship, and the pejorative still has currency in some parts of the country.) Another 2.5 million charismatics are scattered widely throughout the nation's Protestant churches, some welcomed in their denominations, some barely tolerated, and a few denied fellowship.

"The middle-class church used to encourage discussions of theology. Nowadays it is not unusual to hear reasonably intelligent parishioners babbling like radio preachers."

What makes charismatics controversial among non-Pen-

Born Again in Darien

DARIEN has never been a spiritual town. Growing up there, I learned that this affluent Connecticut suburb is the last place on earth you'd expect to find a church like St. Paul's, where worshipers speak in tongues and, they say, have healed the sick through the "laying on of hands." Until Laura Z. Hobson wrote *Gentlemen's Agreement*, Waspish Darien prided itself on its gentility and exclusivity.

Many families in Darien, of course, still practice traditional forms of worship. But since the Reverend Everett L. Fullam became rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church nearly five years ago, the church has come alive as never before.

"William James once said that religion has become a dull habit," says Father Fullam, "and that's just what has happened in the Episcopal Church. The situation is rather desperate: the Church has spent time polishing the liturgy, and we've consequently lost one member every five minutes for the past ten years. We have to remember that the liturgy is only a means to an end. It's time we take the Church back to the Bible and teach the Word of the Lord as it was originally intended."

Father Fullam tries to do just that. To the 1,200 members of his congregation, and to the 250 to 300 visitors who come on an average Sunday, he offers something they've never had before: the "charismatic" experience and "life open to the Holy Spirit."

Some observers dismiss charismatic Episcopalianism as emotionalism, but the worshipers at St. Paul's believe it is a sincere expression of their faith in Jesus Christ. About half of them are practicing charismatics, and their faith, they say, leaves them joyous, uplifted, strong.

In the five years since Father Fullam arrived, attendance at St. Paul's has grown sixfold, making it the most heavily attended Episcopal church in the United States. So popular has Father Fullam's preaching become that he now spends two-thirds of his time away from his parish, trying to implant his spiritual renewal program in other communities. And since he can't be everywhere at once, he has developed a tape cassette program, a $100,000-a-year, break-even business that sends his sermons and teachings all over the world.

His own church, which seats 227, overflows on Sundays. Four services are required to accommodate the faithful. Latecomers spill into the fellowship room, where they watch the service on closed circuit television. Anticipating further growth, St. Paul's recently requested permission from the Darien zoning board to expand, but was turned down because Darien residents resented the enlargement of a church whose worshipers came from all over Fairfield County—and even beyond.

Father Fullam isn't worried. "We are the church of God," he tells his parishioners, "and every worshiper is a living stone. Where we congregate is not of importance." This month, Father Fullam will consecrate a sanctuary of 1,200 seats in the local high school. "If we outgrow that," he adds facetiously, "there's always Madison Square Garden."

Many of the St. Paul's flock attribute their renewed faith in Christ to "Terry," as they call Father Fullam, and his own brand of charisma. "With Terry," says one recently widowed housewife, "you feel you have some hope in this

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tecostal Christian denominations is something called "baptism in the Holy Spirit." This is an emotional experience that is supposed to bestow on its recipients certain "gifts of the Spirit," including the ability to practice faith healing and exorcism, and to "speak in tongues"—that is, to "speak with God or prophesy" in language that is unintelligible to all but an "interpreter."

Virtually every denomination has had to confront the reality of tongues-speaking charismatics, and most have accepted them. In Darien, Connecticut, a group of charismatic Episcopalians is trying, with some success, to turn one of the country's economic centers of materialism into a spiritual center for the Holy Spirit [see box below].

Ironically, the denomination that has reacted most strongly against charismatics is the Southern Baptist Convention—considered the bulwark of American religious fundamentalism. One explanation offered is that the Baptists know beyond a doubt that they've found the "true religion," and they do not welcome others who make the same claim. Several entire churches have been kicked out of the convention for allowing charismatic worship.

The charismatics, meanwhile, are but a small part of those 40 million to 50 million fundamentalist, evangelical Christians who now outnumber the combined memberships of the traditional Protestant denominations in America. And that number does not include an indeterminate but extremely large number of unchurched Christians. Possibly the largest single religious bloc in the country, these are people who do not necessarily attend church and who might not even claim church membership, but who nevertheless consider themselves members of a religious community.

Led by the Jesus movement, religion has marched unashamedly into the marketplace and the countinghouse. It not only has captured entertainers, such as Anita Bryant and Tony Orlando, but it is also becoming highly marketable itself. Religious book publishing is booming. A whole new industry is flourishing in the manufacture and distribution of religion-oriented records, tape cassettes, audio-visual systems, periodicals, lapel buttons, jewelry, and bumper stickers.

"Of concern to Jews is a nationwide 'buy Christian' campaign reminiscent of those they have been subjected to throughout their history, notably in Nazi Germany."

The airwaves abound with radio and television "ministries." Their impact on the greater religious and secular culture is difficult to measure, but their devotion to one particular ministry is not. It can be seen and counted in the

---

life. You feel you have a living God. That's what Terry gives you. I call him a modern-day prophet."

Father Fullam feels that "there is a void at the center of life, and people know it. When they receive the Word, it's as if they had been missing an essential vitamin from their diet, and once they receive it they can't get enough.

"There are a lot of self-made men in this town—board chairmen, vice-presidents—and they worship their creator. By that I mean themselves. And then when they open their lives to Christ, they put a lot of zeal into it. Our most avid evangelist is Lee Buck, a senior vice-president of New York Life Insurance Company. When he rides the train into New York every morning, he talks to the person sitting next to him, and by the time they pull into Grand Central Station his seatmate has entered the Kingdom. Lee is so committed that he is going to retire early so he can preach the Word of the Lord."

I asked Father Fullam whether such crusading was a natural outgrowth of a revitalized commitment to faith. "I don't think it is," he replied. "It certainly isn't to me. But there are some people who think you should try to create enclaves where everyone is Christian." Would he ever speak out against strong-arm techniques used by some of the devout in trying to win converts? "No. But I don't usually attack anything. I believe that if you proclaim the light, the light will dispel the darkness."

One man who openly admires how Lee Buck proclaims the light is Dan Chamberlin, a vice-president at Cadbury Schweppes. "Because Lee's so successful in business," Chamberlin says, "he's got sales techniques no one else has."

Dan and his wife, Salli, are troubled that two of their children and Dan's father, an engineer, "have not opened themselves to the Lord." According to the faith, they cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven unless they have accepted the Lord, and that distresses the Chamberlins deeply. Still, the couple is eager to "spread the word of the good news of Jesus Christ" and to emphasize the sharing—of love, joy, and pain—they have enjoyed with their friends and family since they themselves were reborn.

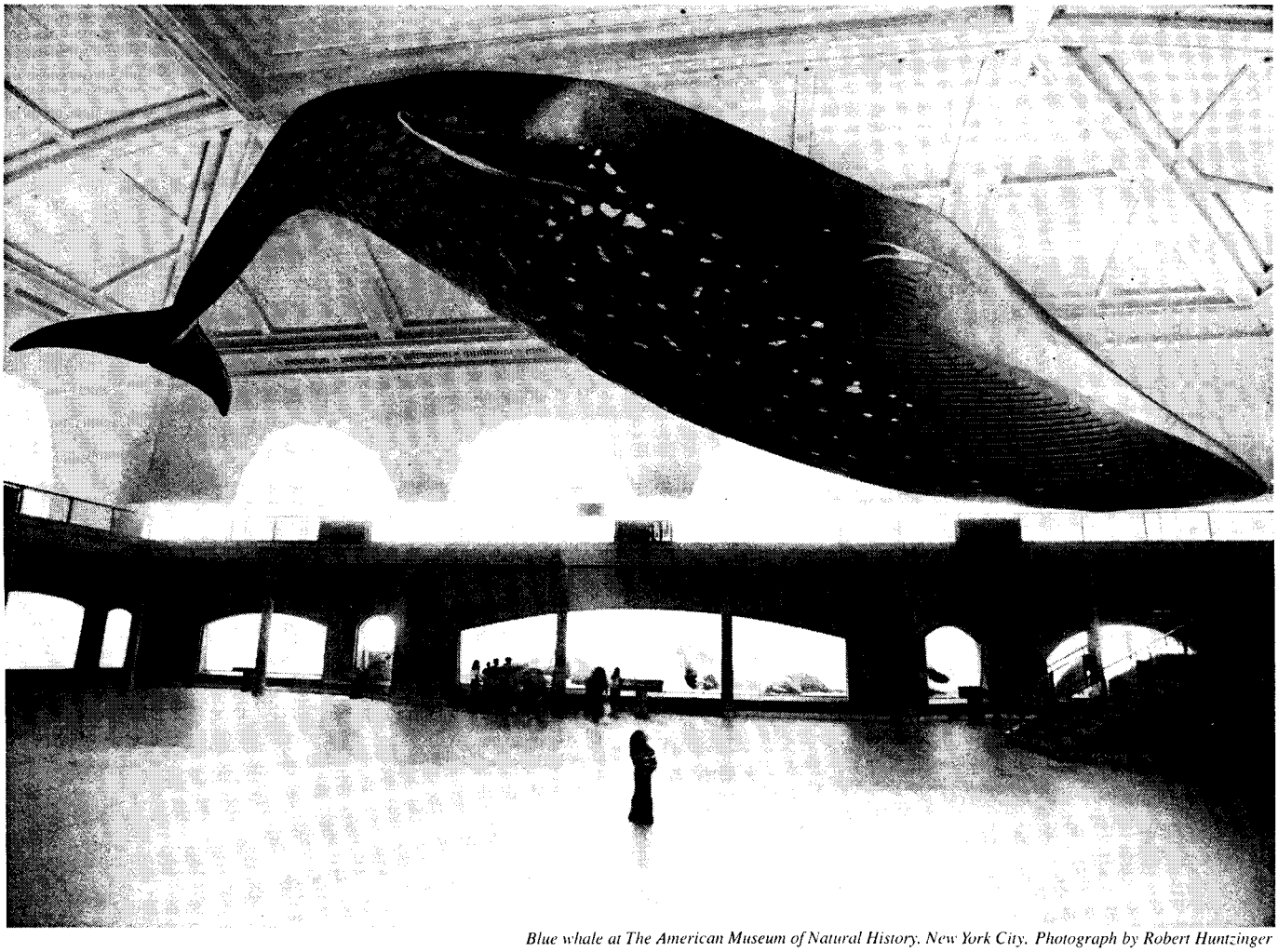
Dan notes proudly that since he and his wife renounced money as their god they have prospered financially, receiving, for example, large gifts from his father and an expense-paid six-month business trip to England. And Dan unabashedly avows that their faith is what has brought them such riches.

"There are lots of people who don't want to say Jesus out loud," says Salli. "They believe in Him, but they hide Him like a little secret. Well, we aren't afraid to say Jesus. He is our friend and mediator, the Divine Son of God. We praise the Lord, praise the working of Jesus."

Inevitably, the growth of the charismatic movement has produced tensions in Darien, and these have spilled over into neighboring New Canaan. Browsing for a book on charismatics in a New Canaan shop, I struck up a conversation with a young woman who worships at St. Paul's. "Father Fullam is wonderful," she declared. "You know he's on *fourteen* TV stations? [He has taped a 13-part series called *The Rock*, which is broadcast on 26 stations.] He and the people who work with him are really committed. They're not just flapping their mouths because they can't think of any other job. That's what attracted my husband to them."

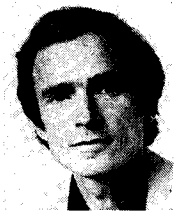
What did her husband do? "He sells bonds for Chemical Bank and rides the train [into New York City]," she replied, with a certain disdain, "just like everybody else around here." With that, she walked off with a Bible she'd just bought for a friend. —SUSAN HEATH

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Blue whale at The American Museum of Natural History, New York City. Photograph by Robert Huntzinger

"If man doesn't preserve the last of the great whales, museums may soon be their only habitat." *Dick Cavett*



The blue whale is the largest animal that has ever lived on this earth. It can grow up to 100 feet long and weigh 160 tons.

Whales are still over-exploited

Since 1900 we humans have killed well over 300,000 blue whales so now there are only a few thousand left.

Four other species of great whales are being destroyed. Despite international demands to stop the slaughter, whalers — mainly Japanese and Russian—have already reduced some species to 20 percent of their former population.

Whalers can turn to other trades but the great whales can never be recreated.

We may have much to learn from them

These peaceful creatures have highly developed brains and a close family and social organization. They can communicate over great distances, and dive to great depths.

We cannot yet explain their full role in the ecology of the seas, but if they are wiped out and we find their role was a vital one, it will be too late.

World Wildlife Fund is campaigning to save the life and resources of the seas — for our own sakes and those of our children.

You can help

Send for our free information kit or send your tax-deductible contribution to: World Wildlife Fund, Department SR-3 1319 18th Street, Northwest, Washington, D.C. 20036.

THE SEAS MUST LIVE

World Wildlife Fund

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enormous sums of money contributed regularly to the hundreds of minister-personalities who abound in the broadcast media. One recent estimate put their combined annual expenditure at $500 million for television air time alone. This does not include the radio time they purchased, nor does it include the costs of production, salaries, and all the other expenses concomitant with media enterprises of considerable size. (To insure that the message receives a wider hearing, a group of prominent Southern Baptists in Dallas recently made tentative plans for a nationwide advertising campaign to promote Christ and Christianity. The medium: prime-time television.)

Among the new stars in the Holy Hit Parade are Robert Schuller, who broadcasts from his drive-in church in Disneyland; Virginia's M. G. (Pat) Robertson, whose offerings include the "Top 40" in religious tunes; Jim Bakker, whose "PTL Club" broadcasts out of Charlotte are heard in every state; and Everett Fullam, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Darien, Connecticut, who has taped a TV series for the Christian Broadcasting Network. Meanwhile, Oral Roberts, Rex Humbard, and other familiar voices have gained new audiences since the Jesus movement hit full stride.

The abbreviation PTL originally stood for Praise The Lord, but was changed by the staff to mean People That Love. However, an outraged letter writer has suggested in the Charlotte *Observer* that a third name would be more appropriate: Pass The Loot. After its income from donations became a public issue in the Charlotte area, Bakker's organization called in an outside auditor this past July and announced that its contributions were running at $1.5 million per month.

The impact of the Jesus movement is being felt in higher education, too. While the traditional church-related colleges and universities are struggling to meet budgets and pricing themselves out of the reach of many potential students, institutions supported by the more aggressive fundamentalist and sectarian religious organizations are flourishing. Some of these are little more than Bible schools posing as colleges, but several of the fundamentalist graduate seminaries have won grudging acceptance among main-line theologians.

The new fundamentalist institutions range from the lavishly funded Oral Roberts University in Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Liberty Baptist College near Lynchburg, Virginia. Liberty had about 1,200 students last spring and expects to enroll 1,800 this fall. Incredibly, it was built and is underwritten by a single congregation, the 16,000-member Thomas Road Baptist Church of Lynchburg. In recent years, the church's annual homecoming service has been so large that it has had to be held in a football stadium. To accommodate this year's service, the church is completing a huge new auditorium on the college campus.

Jews figure prominently—as both disciples and targets—in the Jesus movement. An estimated 20,000 to 40,000 Jews now describe themselves as Messianic Jews, claiming to be both Jews and Christians. Almost all of them are young, and many are products of the social activism of the Sixties. "We've always seen ourselves as guerrillas," says Moishe Rosen, head of Jews for Jesus. "We are hard-nosed. Our training is almost military."

The Messianic Jews are enthusiastically supported, financially and otherwise, by evangelical Christians. Delegates to the biennial convention of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, meeting in Dallas in July, overwhelmingly passed a resolution calling for a two-year intensive effort to convert Jews. (Ironically, the same delegates failed to approve a merger with fellow Lutherans in another body of the church, settling instead for a "fellowship in protest.")

Jews have been living with this sort of proselytizing for thousands of years. Of much greater concern to them is a nationwide "buy Christian" campaign reminiscent of those the Jews have been subjected to periodically throughout their history, notably in Nazi Germany.

The current campaign has two sources, both California-based but operating nationwide in perhaps two dozen of the country's larger cities. One is the Christian Business Directory, headquartered in San Diego. The other is the Christian Yellow Pages, with headquarters in Modesto. Both publish directories restricted to businesses run by professing Christians and distributed free through churches and religious bookstores. To be included in either of the directories, an advertiser must sign a statement saying that he is a "born-again Christian believer" and that he "accepts Jesus Christ as . . . personal Lord and Saviour and acknowledges Jesus as the Son of God." For that and a fee ranging up to $900, the advertiser gets space in the listings and the publisher's stamp of approval as a fellow to be trusted by all good Christians.

The Christian Business Directory carries the endorsement of evangelical associations in Tucson and Phoenix, and it is

Sygma

Soul-saving in the South—At a church meeting in Americus, Georgia, an evangelist practices "laying on of hands."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sygma

Thicket of hands symbolizes fervent converts—"A turning inward, away from the social gospel, toward a personal religion."

linked to the California Christian Campaign Committee "to elect Christians to public office." Whatever the intent of their publishers, the directories say one thing to Jews: economic boycott for religious reasons. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the Jewish service agency, has filed suit in California to enjoin publication.

WHAT does the Jesus movement signify? Some religious historians speculate that the United States is caught up in one of those massive, periodic upheavals that Christians call a Great Awakening. Dr. Martin E. Marty, of the University of Chicago Divinity School, terms the movement "a fundamental shifting of religious power in America. . . . In the Seventies, the conservative, fundamentalist churches are more styled for what people are looking for in religion."

To a considerable extent, the movement simply represents a turning inward: away from the social gospel and toward a personal, experiential religion that simply makes one feel good; away from the theology of salvation by good works and toward a theology of salvation by faith alone. More disturbing is the persistent element of anti-intellectualism, the retreat from reason back to mysticism and emotionalism. The average, middle-class American church used to encourage discussions of theology and the problems of faith. Nowadays it is not unusual to enter such a church and hear reasonably intelligent and educated parishioners babbling like radio preachers about Jesus's love and His "presence here among us."

The entire movement, it seems, has one common denominator: an unyielding determination to exalt Jesus Christ and make every living soul his follower. Excesses inevitably accompany the journey toward any such goal. So do internal divisions, and therein lies an inherent weakness in the movement. Christians do not agree among themselves on a definition of Christianity or on what it means to follow the teachings of Christ.

Given the trends in American life, it is reasonable to conjecture that "church religion" might ultimately be replaced by disembodied voices and faces on radio and TV sets. The Jesus movement, with its demonstrated affinity for pop culture, would be right at home in such a setting.

Meanwhile, evangelical Christianity has one of its own in the White House. The election of a born-again Christian to the presidency is neither a clear-cut cause nor an effect of the religious zeal now rampant. But it is obvious that the presence in the White House of an evangelical, born-again Christian who wears his faith on his sleeve has given the movement an impetus it would not otherwise have had. It has given something of an imprimatur to religious fundamentalism. It has enabled zealots to leave their closets and mount their platforms.

The turmoil in religion today is reminiscent of the so-called modernist-fundamentalist fight of the 1920s. That war of the Scriptures was thought to have vanquished the forces of fundamentalism, reaction, and anti-intellectualism. It was thought to have reaffirmed Christianity as a religion of reason as well as of faith. Events unfolding today indicate clearly that it did neither. ◉

Dwayne Walls, the son of a Baptist preacher, is a free-lance writer living in North Carolina.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the united states commemorative presidential collection

tribute to our nation's presidents

EXQUISITE, HANDSOME WALL DISPLAY! PERFECT GIFT!

PLEASE ACT QUICKLY! QUANTITIES ARE AVAILABLE DURING THIS OFFER ONLY!

Only six Presidents have been honored by the American people in U.S. Coinage. Each of these rugged, inspired Presidents and their special efforts will last as long as strength and courage are valued in America.

The Kennedy Mint, recognizing a unique opportunity to reconfirm the values and aspirations of these great American patriots, is proud to present the United States Commemorative Presidential Collection.

The Collection is mounted and framed in walnut-finished wood with specially commissioned art and full description. Attention-compelling display you'll be proud to have on your office, den or living room wall. Ideal as gift for all ages and occasions.

PRESIDENTIAL COLLECTION

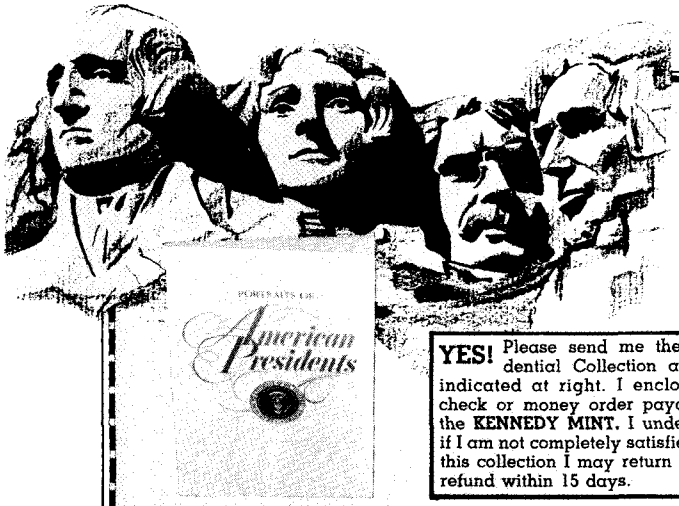
Handsome pieces that include hard-to-find wartime silver nickel, wartime shell case cent and wartime steel cent, Bicentennial Presidential Coinage, the new $2 bill, 4 official U.S. stamps which comprise the John Trumble painting of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, plus many other valuable pieces painstakingly assembled and mounted in walnut-finished frame.

Only $39.95 plus $2.45 shipping and handling. Actual size 16" x 13".

Bonus! Included with each collection you will receive "Portraits of American Presidents," an 80-page book prepared by the editors of Funk & Wagnalls. Thirty-seven full-color portraits of each of our Presidents and descriptions of the achievements of their administrations.

YOU MAY CHARGE YOUR PRESIDENTIAL COLLECTION to your American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge, Diners Club card account, if you wish. Charge or cash, you're protected by the Kennedy Mint 15-day examination period.

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY, CALL TOLL FREE
800-321-1030 24-Hours a Day . . .
7 Days a Week . . . INCL. SUNDAYS



YES! Please send me the Presidential Collection at price indicated at right. I enclose my check or money order payable to the **KENNEDY MINT.** I understand if I am not completely satisfied with this collection I may return for full refund within 15 days.

THE KENNEDY MINT
1 Kennedy Square, Cleveland, Ohio 44142

(Set #3151) Presidential Collection at $39.95 plus $2.45 shipping and handling. (Sorry No C.O.D.'s)

Please charge to:

☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Account # Exp. / /

Name (Please Print)

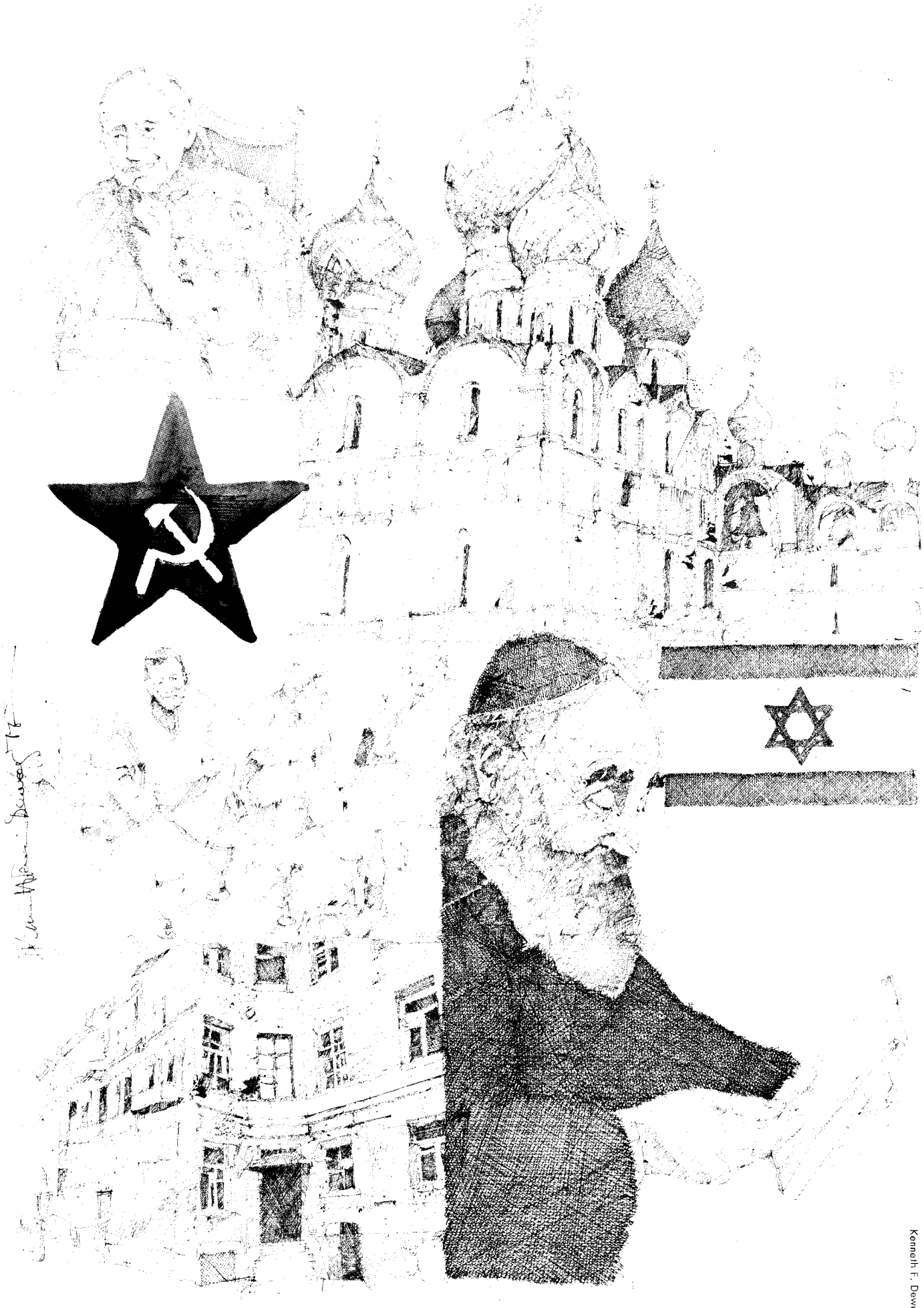
Address

City State Zip

Signature SR9

CUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Kenneth F. Dewey

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report from the Ukraine

THE REFUSENIKS OF KIEV

by William Steif

A WINTRY evening, heavy rain, mud, a few dim lights on the boulevard. I am searching for Grigory Kampovsky.

All I know is that Kampovsky is a Ukrainian Jew to whom the Soviet authorities have refused an exit visa for several years. This makes him a "refusenik," the word the Soviet Jews themselves use. Someone in Paris has given me his name and address. So tonight I am journalist-turned-refusenik-hunter.

The rain soaks through my heavy overcoat. Mud slops into my shoes. I trudge up and down crumbling sidewalks looking for Gorky Street, where Grigory Kampovsky lives. As I walk along, I worry: How will I differentiate among the dozens of identical apartment houses? I cannot speak the language. I can barely make out the Cyrillic alphabet. I am fifty-four, a journalist for more than 30 years, and I am a little frightened. I know the Soviet authorities have no taste for foreign journalists, especially Americans, wandering around their cities.

Why hunt for Grigory Kampovsky? The answer, for me, is simple. I am no hero, only a traveling journalist; but a common thread binds us Western journalists: we care about individuals. If telling and retelling the story of the refuseniks will make their lives a little easier, and perhaps save some of them, then it must be done. So I hunt Grigory Kampovsky.

Presently, by deciphering the Cyrillic letters on my map, I find that I have turned into Shevchenko Boulevard and am walking past Shevchenko Park and Shevchenko University, landmarks named for the nineteenth-century Ukrainian poet.

I peer into a tiny basement shop that is still open, selling Bulgarian canned goods and pickles. In another basement shop, coal is for sale. Trolleybuses splash by, jammed with passengers whose breath steams up the windows. There are few cars, no taxis.

Now the shops give way to mean, ground-level apartments through whose uncurtained windows I can see rooms full of cheap furniture, people crowded together. Even the light bulbs are dim.

Stopping under a streetlight to check my map, I find that I've walked three miles from my starting point at my hotel. I am tired, wet, worried. But then, after squishing through an underpass, I see that Shevchenko Boulevard has become Gorky Street. I am in luck.

By a process of elimination, I locate Number 20 Gorky Street, then walk past several entryways, guessing which one leads to Apartment 90. At last I come upon a wall register that says 90 is on the seventh floor. I take the elevator to the eighth floor, in case I'm being tailed. It all seems a little James Bondish, but I haven't forgotten the warning someone gave me in Paris: Never give a Soviet cabby the right street address. I walk down from the eighth floor to the seventh. No one, so far as I can make out, is following me on this grimy staircase. I walk up to Apartment 90. The door, covered with plastic material meant to insulate the apartment, has the inevitable one-way peephole in the center. I ring the bell and wait. It is 7:15 P.M.

I can feel myself being looked over through the peephole.

Then the door opens.

Standing there is a short, pudgy man in his mid-fifties.

I pull out a business card, hand it to him, and say hesitantly, "Grigory Kampovsky?"

He gestures me in, closes the door, looks at the card, and looks at me again. I repeat my question and add, "Amerikanski journalist."

He shakes his head as if astounded, and I pull out a piece of paper on which are written Grigory Kampovsky's name and address.

He takes out a pencil, crosses out the name Grigory, and inserts "Ilya and Natalya." For the first time, I see a middle-aged woman standing at the little living room's threshold.

Slowly, the man speaks in German.

"Grigory nicht hier," he says. "Ich bin Vater."

Grigory isn't here. He is Grigory's father, Ilya.

And he shows me a telegram. In halting Yiddish he tells me that Grigory not only has left Russia but has arrived in Jerusalem, 24 hours ago!

It is my turn to be astounded. I have walked four fearful miles through rain and cold, for nothing.

Natalya Kampovsky intervenes. She speaks only Russian, but somehow I understand that she is insisting I stay for

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special offer to Saturday Review readers from Shorewood Fine Art Publishers.

A HANDSOME COLLECTION OF FRAMED ART MASTERPIECES

from the world's finest museums, to enhance your home, office or library.

Lithographed by outstanding craftsmen every reproduction is printed in full color to the most exacting standards and each work is framed in an elegant modern style, delivered ready to hang. To ensure lasting protection the surface of the picture has been treated with a washable, glare-free protective laminate. Also included is a commentary on each artist and painting.

The size is 22½ x 28½ and each masterpiece is priced at $29.50 including delivery.

989 FREDERIC REMINGTON
Turn Em Loose Bill
The Anschutz Coll.

1217 PABLO PICASSO
Saltimbanques
Natl. Gallery, Wash., D.C.

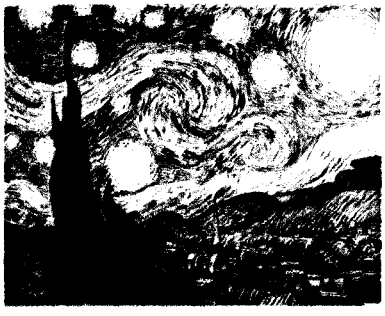
512 MAX ERNST
Flying Geese
Gallery of 20th C., Berlin

1387 WASSILY KANDINSKY
The White Dot
Kunsthalle, Hamburg

1182 JEAN-HONORE FRAGONARD
Girl Reading
Natl. Gallery, Wash., D.C.

1173 JOAN MIRO
People and Dog in Sun
Kunstmuseum, Basel

1195 MARC CHAGALL
Feathers in Bloom
Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris



1399 VINCENT VAN GOGH
Starry Night
Mus. Mod. Art, N.Y.

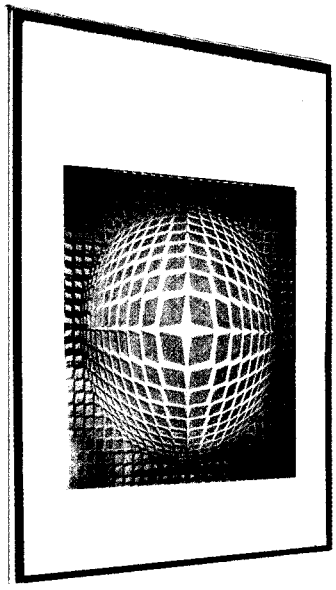
809 WINSLOW HOMER
Breezing Up
Natl. Gallery, Wash., D.C.

1024 CLAUDE MONET
Tulips in Holland
Louvre, Paris

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1317 RENE MAGRITTE
The Empire of Lights
Musées Royaux

1331 ALFRED SISLEY
Autumn Landscape
Coll. Mrs. N.B. Woolworth



1417 VICTOR VASARELY
Vega-Kontosh
Private Collection

599 EDVARD MUNCH
Girl on a Bridge
Kunsthalle, Hamburg

400 KOSON
On the Wing
Bibliothèque Natl., Paris

504 PIETER BREUGHEL
Winter Scene
Delporte Coll., Brussels

1027 HENRI ROUSSEAU
Virgin Forest
Kunstmuseum, Basel

869 ANDREW WYETH
Christina's World
Mus. Mod. Art, N.Y.

1202 PAUL KLEE
Sinbad the Sailor
T. Duerst-Haas

1161 PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
By the Seashore
Metropolitan Museum, N.Y.

813 BEN SHAHN
Poster. Jan. 18 to Feb. 12

ORDER FORM

SHORE-WORLD INC. (a Shorewood affiliate)
120 W. Palisades Blvd., Palisades Park, N.J. 07650

Please send me the fully framed masterpieces checked. I understand that the price of $29.50 each includes delivery to the address below (shipping of Canadian and overseas orders not included in this price). Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. N.J. residents please add sales tax.

___REMINGTON 989	___MIRO 1173	___MAGRITTE 1317	___BREUGHEL 504
___PICASSO 1217	___CHAGALL 1195	___SISLEY 1331	___ROUSSEAU 1027
___ERNST 512	___VAN GOGH 1399	___VASARELY 1417	___WYETH 869
___KANDINSKY 1387	___HOMER 809	___MUNCH 599	___KLEE 1202
___FRAGONARD 1182	___MONET 1024	___KOSON 400	___RENOIR 1161
			___SHAHN 813

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my check/m.o. for $_____

Charge to my Master Charge # _____ Expiration Date _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UBZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dinner and that we are to eat immediately. So it is eat-first-talk-later, 5,000 miles from New York.

I am led into a small kitchen, and a place is quickly set at a little table. Soup, jellied chicken, horseradish, dark bread, cookies, and tea follow swiftly. Gradually, the Kampovskys' story unfolds.

They have two children: a daughter, now twenty-five, and Grigory, twenty-eight. The daughter quietly got an exit visa and left for Israel last spring. Grigory, more of an activist and a leader, was refused an exit visa several times. But he finally got one, leaving his parents behind because they don't want to leave Natalya's parents, aged seventy-five and eighty. Slowly, it comes out that Ilya has paid a price for his son's activism. The father was director of research at a physics institute, a job he'd held for 10 years. When the son's public activism displeased the Soviet authorities they struck at the father—he was demoted and his pay was cut by a quarter.

The father shrugs it off. His wife works, too, and together they have enough to eat, their little apartment, their books. It is a drab, secure life, and someday, perhaps, they'll see their children again when they are more mobile, when Natalya's parents die.

Timidly, I ask if they know Grigory's fellow activists. It is bad form to ask that question, I have been told, because it raises suspicions. I ask if they know Isaak Tsitverblit, a name I cannot pronounce. I usually make it come out "Tsitverblad," and when I do it this time, Natalya laughs.

"In Kiev's synagogue, a bent-over shammash (guardian) explains the authorities haven't allowed a replacement for the rabbi, who died three years ago."

"Tsitverblit . . . Tsitverblad," she says.

Yes, indeed, they know Tsitverblit. They phone him after we drink our tea.

In half an hour, says Kampovsky, straining his Yiddish, German, and Russian vocabularies to make me understand, Tsitverblit will meet me on the pathway near the apartment building. Kampovsky tells me about his books, about the Russian-made Persian rug hung on the wall (a mark of success in the Soviet Union), about the pervasive Soviet anti-Semitism. Somehow, we communicate.

Then he leads me down to the pathway and hands me over to Tsitverblit, a thin, nervous man of fifty-seven.

More rain and mud, as we retrace part of the route I took to the Kampovskys' apartment.

Tsitverblit speaks English and tells me we must take three buses. As we approach the first bus stop, he instructs, "We shall not speak English."

In silence, I follow him on and off buses until we're back in the middle of an old section of Kiev. We stop at a dark apartment and Tsitverblit talks at the door with an elderly man. Then we turn and go back into the rain. We walk farther, up a cavernous, dirty staircase to an old, high-ceilinged hallway. Tsitverblit knocks on a door. I am sure someone is looking through the peephole. The door opens and we walk into a meagerly furnished old apartment. It is the home of Gerta Smelyansky, forty-three; her husband, Alexander, forty-seven; and their children, Elena, nineteen, and Mischa, fifteen, who wears a yarmulke.

With them are Mila Mizruchina and Vladimir Kisliuk. Each is a refusenik.

We gather around a plain wooden table under a bare light bulb. Gerta Smelyansky brings tea and candy. It is insane for them to throw themselves and their stories at an American journalist, even if they are sure he *is* an American journalist, and they have no way of verifying this independently. A German, a Frenchman, an American in such a situation would be more circumspect. But the refuseniks want to talk. Their lives have been bottled up too long.

TSITVERBLIT has been a refusenik for four years. He was a microwave engineer; now he is an instrument repairman. He's making half of what he did six years ago, a little over $200 a month now. His wife, Zoya, fifty-three, an engineer, earns less. They have a son, Naftali, thirteen. Tsitverblit's brother and nephew are in Israel.

Alexander Smelyansky applied for visas for his family in 1975 and immediately lost his job as a road construction engineer. The only reason for his visa refusal, given orally, was "regime work." The same reason, given the same way, was thrown at Tsitverblit.

"My job had no secrets," says Alexander, a stout man with a big nose. "Five families of fellow workers got permission."

"They refuse us to frighten other people," adds Tsitverblit. "A lot of his fellow workers know he was turned down and they're afraid to apply."

Gerta Smelyansky, a pert, small-featured woman, laughs about her husband's nose, saying, "They know he's a Jew immediately. Me, they have to look at my documents." Everyone in the Soviet Union carries an internal passport listing nationality. "Jewish" is one of more than 100 Soviet nationalities.

Mila Mizruchina is a lively woman with black hair and a handsome face and figure. She is thirty, as is her psychiatrist husband, Alexander. They have a ten-year-old son. They applied for exit visas almost three years ago.

"Why do I want to go?" she asks, repeating my question. "Because I'm a Jew and we want to be Jews. That is impossible here. We have no language, no literature, no books, no culture. We must become Russians here but we must stay Jews in our passports."

Her husband was at the top of his secondary school class but couldn't get into medical school in his native Kiev, which she calls "the capital of Soviet anti-Semitism." Through pull, he got into another medical school, 125 miles away. He served as a psychiatrist in the Red Army from 1970 to 1972.

"They won't let us go because my husband was in the army," says Mila Mizruchina. "My sister-in-law was refused seven months ago because her husband was in the army once, too—he was a road builder."

Vladimir Kisliuk's wife and son have been in Israel since mid-1973. He was refused a visa at the time and has been refused constantly since then.

The reason?

"It was my job ten years ago," says Kisliuk. "I am—or was

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—a metallurgist. I worked in the field of radiation damage to materials. I was in the Urals. That job was finished in 1966. Then I worked at the institute of nuclear energy here in Kiev, but not on anything secret. All my works were open and all my articles were published in open journals." (In the Soviet Union there are "closed" journals, too, which are highly restricted.)

After applying to leave, Kisliuk was fired. For a year and a half, he didn't work at all. Finally he found a job in a toy factory—at a quarter of his old $500-a-month salary.

Kisliuk is sour. "I don't want to live in this country," he says.

Because Kisliuk feared his knowledge of "state secrets" might deprive him of a visa, he did what a number of other Jews have done to get their wives and families out. He divorced his wife, thus letting her leave the Soviet Union with their son. The hope, then, was that he could follow in a year or two. It is a hollow hope, he now recognizes.

"You must understand," says Mila Mizruchina, "our aim is not to change this country. All we want to do is leave." (In this, the refuseniks differ from the "dissidenti," those who want to stay in Russia and work to change the system.)

I am reminded of Alla Tychtchenko, a slim, blond Russian interpreter, on the night we drove from Kishinev to Odessa.

"Fewer and fewer Jews are going," she said. "That is proof that few want to go."

I pushed her. If emigration were really free, I asked, how many people would leave?

"But they cannot leave if they have state secrets," she said. "Your country would not let people go if they had state secrets."

I told her I knew of no such instance in the United States. She didn't believe me.

I quoted from Politburo member Boris Ponomarev's article in *Izvestia* late last year. He had said:

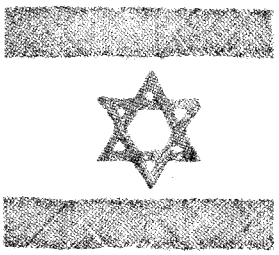
"It is we who decide what kind of work is classified, whether that work has or has not meaning for the security or other interests of the state. This is the internal affair of the Soviet Union. Any effort to pressure competent Soviet institutions to change their position is regarded as interference in domestic affairs."

Everyone and everything is at some time connected to the Soviet state. If you know the technology of button production you know a "government secret" and can arbitrarily be denied your rights.

Alla Tychtchenko took a different tack then, saying that the refusenik question grew from the pressures of "Zionist forces in the United States and from Senator [Jacob] Javits." She added: "That Rabbi [Meir] Kahane and his Jewish Defense League have great influence with your Congress."

I AM struck, sitting in this shabby Kiev apartment, drinking endless cups of tea, with the sameness of the refuseniks' plight everywhere in the U.S.S.R. Some examples:

- Felix Aranovich, forty-five, had earned $335 a month as a heavy-construction engineer in Leningrad. Now he scrapes by on $75 a month from teaching English "privately." His wife and child are in Chicago. He is trapped in two foul rooms on Pestel Street and has been waiting to emigrate for more than four years.
- Benjamin G. Levich is a sixty-year-old physicist who lives in Moscow. As a member of the Soviet Academy of Science, he's probably the most distinguished refusenik still in the Soviet Union. He and his blond wife, Tanya, have been waiting more than five years for exit visas—they were promised them in 1974, then the authorities reneged. The couple's two grown sons are in Israel. Levich has been stripped of positions, pay, honors. His wife was a translator of English fiction; when she and Levich applied for exit visas, she said, "My work was canceled immediately. A new and very hard life started. Only our dog was not fired."
- Vladimir Slepak had headed an instrumentation laboratory at Moscow's TV research institute. He has been waiting eight years for an exit visa, along with his wife and son. He is what passes for an activist. He has served six short prison terms, usually for "resistance to the order of the militia [the national police]." He's been arrested on 30 or 40 other occasions and detained a few hours each time. His flat has been bugged, and it has been searched countless times.



"Kisliuk divorced his wife, thus letting her leave with their son. The hope was that he could follow. It is a hollow hope, he now recognizes."

- Felix Kandel, in Moscow, was the creator of and scriptwriter for *Just Wait*, a wolves-and-rabbits series of animated cartoons that's immensely popular in the Soviet Union and has been sold to 70 countries. He, his wife, and their two sons have waited five years for exit visas. They've always been refused for "the state's interest." At the same time, Kandel's name has been removed from the cartoons' credits.
- Yevgeny Lenchik and his wife, Sofia, of Odessa, have been waiting more than four years. The regime's reason: Lenchik graduated from college with a degree in thermophysics, although he never worked in the field and hasn't worked at all since being fired from a building laborer's job last August.
- David Skulsky, of Odessa, is a harbor pilot. His wife, Tatiana, is pregnant. They've been waiting for exit visas for more than four years. He was refused because he knew "secrets" during his 1970–71 army service—when he was an army postmaster.

How did I get in touch with these "underground" people?

An exiled Soviet writer in Paris provided some names. So did an exiled Soviet painter. An American group with a Paris branch had names, and several activists I met in the Soviet Union gave me more.

American colleagues in Moscow helped, too. In no case, it should be noted, did U.S. diplomats provide any refuseniks' names or addresses.

In each city I searched out the refuseniks myself. First I had to find a city map, not an easy thing to come by in the Soviet Union. Once the map was found, it had to be deciphered, which was why I had to learn the Cyrillic alphabet. And then there was the transportation problem—walking if possible; an auto ride with a friend if possible; subway, bus, or taxi only as a last resort.

Continued

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It meant lots of walking, questioning people over and over in whatever way I could make myself understood, without revealing my purpose.

Once, in Leningrad, I lost my way in a maze of ill-lighted, badly marked courts and entries, and an old crone insisted on accompanying me. I eventually found the correct apartment myself, but she stuck with me. When Aranovich answered the door, I was astonished to see him give her a ruble. Afterward, he told me that she'd said: "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone a foreigner is visiting you." That is an index of Russian paranoia, under czar and commissar.

Often, I scouted an address in daylight first and then returned in darkness. In Odessa, on going back to the block-long street where the Lenchiks live, I could see half a dozen local toughs smoking cigarettes in the covered passageway I had used to reach the Lenchik flat. I wondered if they were there to beat me up, for I'd seen a fur-hatted man—a KGB agent?—following me everywhere I'd gone during the day. I slipped by quickly and nothing happened. The toughs were gone when I left the Lenchik apartment two hours later.

Refusenik hunting is a kind of fantasy world. You wonder if your own fear shows in your eyes. You wonder about the human traps: the busty woman in the café of Moscow's Metropol Hotel who tells you, "I'm a street girl," and runs her hand inside your thigh; the black marketeer on Nevsky Prospekt in Leningrad who wants you to buy him a carton of Kents in a hotel "dollar shop"; the man you question for directions in Odessa who wants to sell you black market rubles; the East German professor, from Leipzig, who tells you in Kiev how good life is in the Ukraine now—he speaks excellent French, having been a Nazi military government officer in Angers.

And now you sit in this fetid room in Kiev and listen to the sadnesses of the Smelyanskys, of Tsitverblit, Mizruchina, Kisliuk. They are not religious Jews in the old-fashioned, formal sense. They leave that to the old men in Kiev's salmon-pink synagogue at 29 Shchekavitskay, where a bent-over shammash (guardian) with a white beard explains that the authorities haven't allowed a replacement for the rabbi, who died three years ago.

You wonder what the Soviet regime will say when it goes to Belgrade this fall to review the Helsinki agreement it signed, along with 32 other European nations, the United States, and Canada, on August 1, 1975. The Soviets insist that the Helsinki accord's most vital aspect is "non-interference" in a nation's internal affairs, but the agreement also contains provisions binding the signatories to permit "freer movement" of peoples, family reunifications, and travel for personal and professional reasons, and to end bureaucratic delays.

Mila Mizruchina says, "The authorities have found a new reason for barring emigration." The Helsinki agreement, she says, provides for family reunification, so the authorities interpret this to mean that families cannot be split up.

"If young people now want to leave," she says, "they often have to take their older family members with them. In the last few months, many families here and in other cities have been forbidden to leave under this policy."

But she adds that the authorities will let old people go, even if their sons and daughters want to stay—"the reasoning applies only to young people."

The Soviet exit visas are for Israel only, but the refuseniks know that the United States is their hope, the only thing preventing their total submersion in the Soviet system. The refuseniks know more about the Jackson Amendment than most Americans do (the amendment deprives the Communist countries of most-favored-nation trade status under U.S. tariff laws until the U.S. President certifies that the nations have eased emigration).

It is midnight. Isaak Tsitverblit and Mila Mizruchina guide me from the Smelyansky apartment, up and down hilly streets, through the steady rain. Not far away is golden-domed St. Sophia's. Somewhere out there is the Dnieper, as wide at Kiev as the Mississippi is at Memphis. The city is quiet, streets almost empty. We shake hands formally in an underground passage. I go back to the Dnipro Hotel; they, to their apartments and fragile hopes.

It is easy for me. In a couple of weeks I shall be on a ship, heading for Athens and the West.

But it is not easy for them. As I plod to the hotel I remember what Ben Levich said when I asked him why he, a man who had had everything Soviet society could offer, wanted to leave.

"It was emotional, of course," Levich answered. "But it involved principles, too.

"I'm absolutely an unorthodox Jew in every sense of the word. But in these five years my view of religion has improved. Very often pious people are better than others, they have moral standards, feel more responsible.

"In the Soviet Union we had no contact with religion, but we never stopped being Jewish. We never tried to assimilate, as so many try to do. Long ago, any Jew could answer, 'I'm Russian,' and just fill out a form. That isn't true today.

"Then there was all the cruelty to Jews during our lives. First the extermination in Germany, then the growth of anti-Semitism in this country.

"These made different impressions on different minds. Some people tried to lie low. Others wanted to protest."

In recent years, Levich said, "I saw lots of frightening examples: I couldn't hire a bright Jewish boy; younger Jews couldn't enter the university or had less opportunity to be promoted; and the authorities felt the older Jews who'd achieved positions would just die out.

"Israel's 1967 war encouraged our feelings. The authorities took such an unjust attitude. For more than nine years the [Soviet] newspapers have been filled with stories about Israeli fascists, the Jewish military threat, Jewish tentacles. I suppose applying to leave was an expression of self-dignity.

"Now, I thought, maybe my children and I can be really free, say what we want. We are cut off from this country. It is as if we are in some kind of a railway station, waiting."

That outlook is common to all refuseniks. That, and courage. ◉

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Actual names have been used in the above article except in cases where it was necessary to protect the families involved. Since the article was submitted for publication, four of the families identified as "refuseniks"—the Smelyanskys, Lenchiks, Tsitverblits, and Mizruchins—have received exit visas. It is estimated that there are still 3,000 refuseniks in the Soviet Union.*

William Steif is with Scripps-Howard Newspapers and based in Washington.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Uncle Sam and the Phantom

The Public Burning
by Robert Coover
Richard Seaver/Viking, 544 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Norman Podhoretz

THE first problem in talking about Robert Coover's *The Public Burning* is what to call it. Coover himself calls it a novel and so does his publisher. But I have trouble with that description. I know, of course, that the word "novel" has become, and perhaps to some extent always was, loose enough to cover almost anything anyone wants it to cover; and I also know that there is nothing more sterile than an argument over what does or does not fall into a given literary category. Nevertheless I think it would be disingenuous, and even dishonest, to evade the issue in this particular instance.

For here is a book about an actual historical event (the Rosenberg case). It is narrated by a real person (Richard Nixon, who alternates with the author himself in telling the story). It is peopled entirely with actual historical personages (in addition to Nixon, there are the Rosenbergs, Dwight Eisenhower, Herbert Brownell, William O. Douglas, and literally dozens of others). It makes liberal use of actual historical documents (quoting from the Rosenbergs' trial record and their death house letters, from articles in *Time* and *The New York Times*). And finally, it has a thesis: that the Rosenbergs were innocent of the charge of treason and that they were framed and then executed in order to further both the transformation of America into a fascist state at home and the expansion of its imperialistic power abroad.

Thus far there is nothing to distinguish *The Public Burning* from all the other revisionist accounts of the cold war that have crowded our shelves in recent years, or from the apparently never ending efforts to prove that the Rosenbergs, and Alger Hiss before them, were innocent. This belief is of course essential for anyone who wishes to maintain that the United States never had anything to fear from Communism or from the Soviet Union. For if a highly placed person in the American government really was a Soviet agent and if other Soviet agents really were passing atomic secrets to the Russians, then it can no longer be said that the concern over internal security was merely the product of a mass hysteria whipped up by politicians with dreams of fascism and world domination in their hearts.

What does distinguish *The Public Burning* from run-of-the-mill revisionist history is the raciness and richness of its style; a style that brings the high literary and the low vernacular together as effectively as has been done in any American work since Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* and that pushes the scatological sick joke to heights—or depths—it has rarely reached before. But the more important difference lies in the freedom Coover grants himself from respect for the evidence, respect for the known facts, by which any historian is bound, no matter how politically tendentious he may be. When it suits Coover's polemical purposes, he too relies on the record—which incidentally helps to establish the credibility of his thesis with the innocent reader: he certainly seems to know what he is talking about. But when the evidence for his position is either weak or nonexistent or goes against him altogether—which is, in truth, most of the time—he simply turns his back on it and (to use one of his own favorite tropes) "shazams" himself from a historian into a novelist. In the guise of a novelist, he is liberated from the limitations and restraints of the ordinary mortal

Charles Waller

Norman Podhoretz is the editor of Commentary *and the author of* Doings and Undoings: The Fifties and After in American Writing *and* Making It.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sam Slick Show!

by Robert Coover

VIRTUALLY every significant political figure in the nation is back here tonight, ready to go on, ready to demonstrate their wholehearted enthusiasm for Uncle Sam's purification-by-fire spectacular . . . all but a few like Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black and Vice-President Richard M. Nixon. Black, boycotting the show from his hospital bed, is a lousy loser, just about everybody's given up on him long ago, but the absence of that old rocking socking Phantom-fighter and Early Warning Sentinel Dick Nixon is a more disturbing matter. Uncle Sam himself, backstage briefly during the Mickey Rooney–Judy Garland act, is heard to mutter: "Maybe a boxcar of pussyfooters woulda been better after all!" Which is all Harold Stassen needs: "I say, let's dump the sonuvabitch! Nobody likes him anyway, he just drags us all down! I don't want anything for myself, of course—I'm only thinking of what's good for the country. . . ." This provokes a lot of harsh nervous laughter, and the next time a pie comes flying into the wings, everybody ducks and lets Stassen take it on the snoot.

Out front meanwhile, a lot of famous people have had a go at the prize money, but the performers who steal the show (and anything else they can get their hands on) are the fabulous Marx Brothers. Partly it's their act, catching the mood of the night; partly it's the deep affection felt toward these local boys, downtrodden city Jews like the Rosenbergs, but without their cry-baby ways; and partly it's simply the astonishing cartoon resemblance Groucho and Harpo bear to Julius and Ethel—so real that people gasp when they first appear onstage, Harpo (Ethel) sitting in the electric chair and writing desperate letters to Groucho (Julius), which Chico (the Executioner) reads aloud in his Jewish-Italian accent as Groucho goes stalking restlessly about the set in his famous bent-kneed crouch, puffing a cigar and bobbing his eyebrows. . . .

Uncle Sam posts the elephant and donkey at either side of the Sing Sing stage and signals for the Disney Rat Pack. Mickey and Minnie, Goofy, Horace, and the rest take up prearranged aisle positions in support of the Secret Service (still in their papier-mâché heads) and to help direct the VIPs; other pageant figures line up around the periphery of the VIP section; the film crews pan their cameras around to focus on the main entrance, stage left, zooming in, and the band plays Mess Call. Which is the cue for Betty Crocker: she emerges, prim and matronly, wiping her hands on her apron, to introduce, like the ingredients for one of her famous stuffed turkeys, all the Very Important People who have come here tonight to witness the public burning of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

From *The Public Burning*. Copyright © Robert Coover, 1976, 1977. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press.

historian. He can soar above the evidence or below it. He can offer speculations and back them up with other speculations (for example, that the witnesses against the Rosenbergs were told what to say by the government and that the Rosenbergs' own attorney failed to make this charge, and even praised the conduct of the trial, only because he was a good-natured incompetent). He can even summon new surprise witnesses to testify on behalf of the Rosenbergs. Thus he depicts no less an authority on the corruptions of the American system than Richard Nixon himself as believing that the Rosenbergs were framed and offering ingenious theories as to how it might have been arranged.

The Public Burning, in short, is a revisionist interpretation of the Rosenberg case that exploits the novelist's license to make free with reality in order to construct a brief that the evidence on its own refuses to support. But the innocence of the Rosenbergs is only one side of Coover's brief. The other, and more important, side is the guilt of America. This country is charged in *The Public Burning* not merely with having lynched the Rosenbergs; it is charged with being evil in every possible way. Its government is composed in more or less equal parts of doddering nincompoops like Eisenhower and power-hungry cynics like Nixon. Its courts are corrupt and its politicians are all crooks. When the Rosenbergs declare that they are "the first victims of American fascism," they are right, and they are equally right when they say that their case is a cover for a foreign policy of imperialism and war.

ANTI-AMERICAN attitudes of this kind have often gone hand in hand with an unctuous profession of sympathy and even of love for the American people, who are seen as the innocent victims of a wicked or debauched system. Coover extends no such exemption. In *The Public Burning* the American people are at least as bad as their leaders. They are stupid, ignorant, cynical, hypocritical, bloodthirsty, and ugly: a lynch mob in permanent session, or at least on permanent call.

Nor does Coover believe that anything has changed since 1953 (which is when all the action of *The Public Burning* takes place). Of the various ways in which he makes this clear, the most important is the casting of Richard Nixon as the narrator and central figure of the story. The real Richard Nixon, as Coover himself indicates, had virtually nothing to do with the Rosenberg case; it was the Hiss case in which he played the central role. Why then drag him in? The answer is that Coover uses him to suggest that all the political issues raised by this book are still alive and still at the center of history today. Of course history played a cruel trick on Coover by removing Nixon from office long before *The Public Burning* could be published. On the other hand, Watergate did him the favor of vindicating the hatred of Nixon to which he so demagogically appeals in establishing his case against America.

But the principal exhibit—Exhibit A, as it were—of that case is not Nixon. It is Uncle Sam, who actually appears as a character in *The Public Burning*. Sometimes Uncle Sam is invisible; sometimes he materializes in his familiar form and wearing his familiar costume. When he is not telling Nixon what to do, or arguing with Justice William O. Douglas, or arranging for the execution of the Rosenbergs, he is darting about the globe, stirring up an insurrection here and putting down an insurrection there, all supposedly for the sake of winning out against his mortal enemy. That enemy is of course Communism, but the word *Communism* itself (like the name *Soviet Union*) is mentioned only rarely. In *The Public Burning* Communism is almost always called—not only by Uncle Sam but by everybody else as well—the Phantom. In contrast to Uncle Sam, however, the Phantom never materializes before our eyes and never speaks

Continued on page 34

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

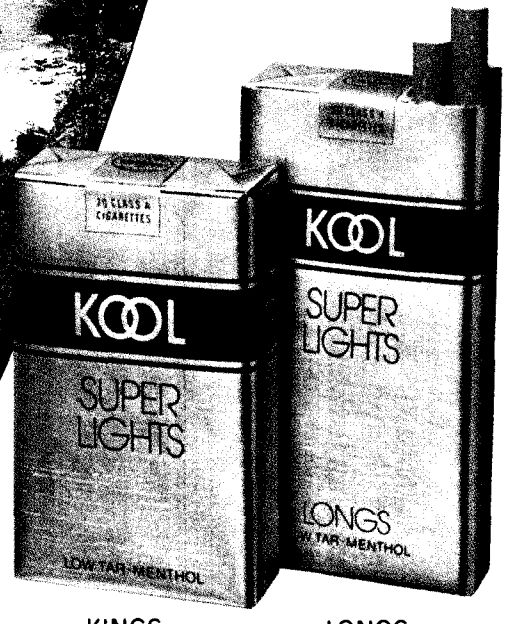
NEW

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

Only 9 mg."tar"in both sizes.

And KOOL's refreshing coolness, too.

At last, a low "tar" menthol cigarette with satisfying taste.



KINGS LONGS

mg.'tar' in both sizes.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© B&W T CO.

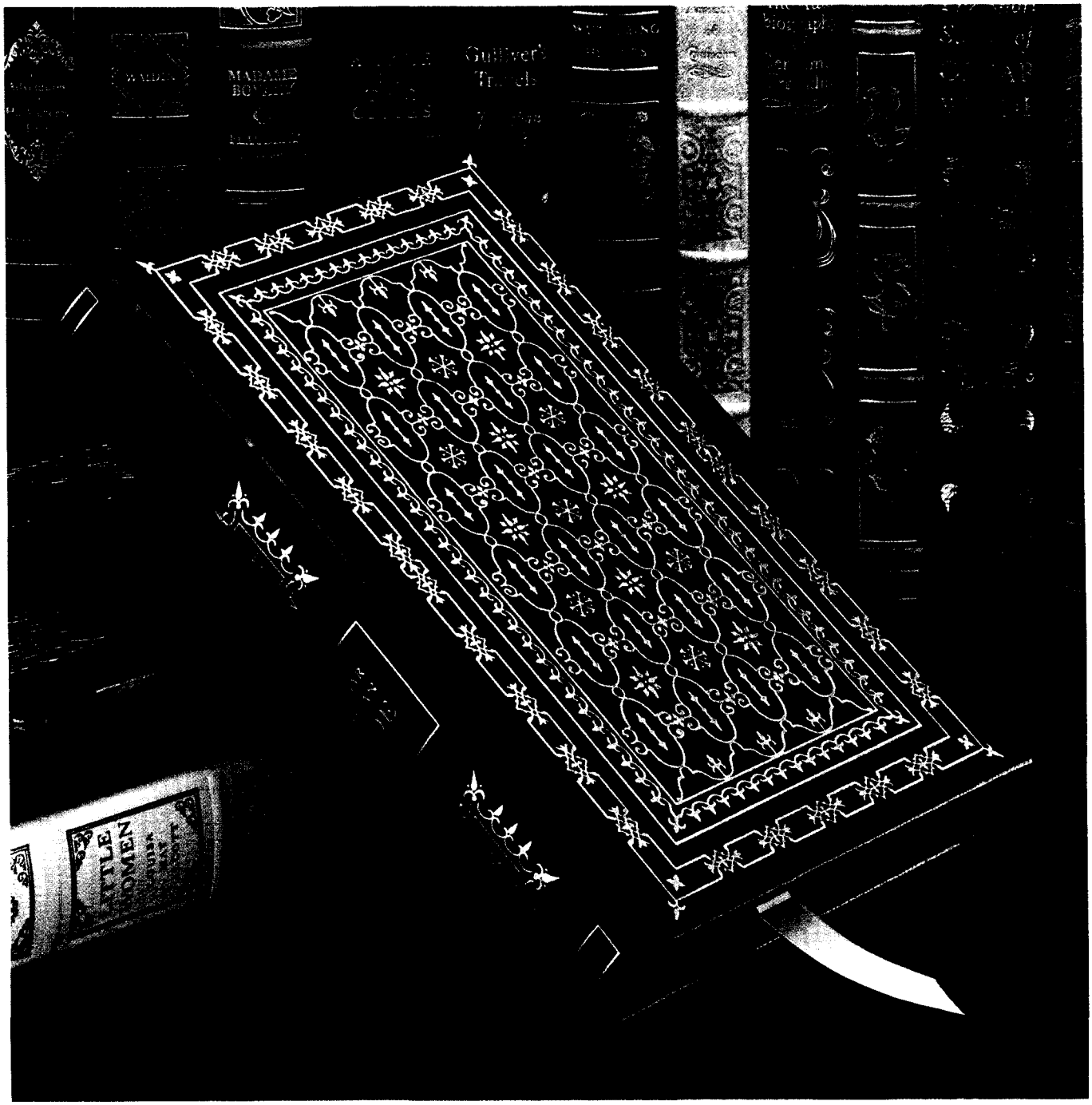
9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

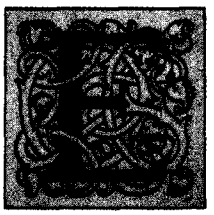
You Can Now Acquire a Private Library of Distinction

The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written

The World's Greatest Works of Literature • Beautifully Illustrated
Bound In Genuine Leather • Decorated With Real Gold

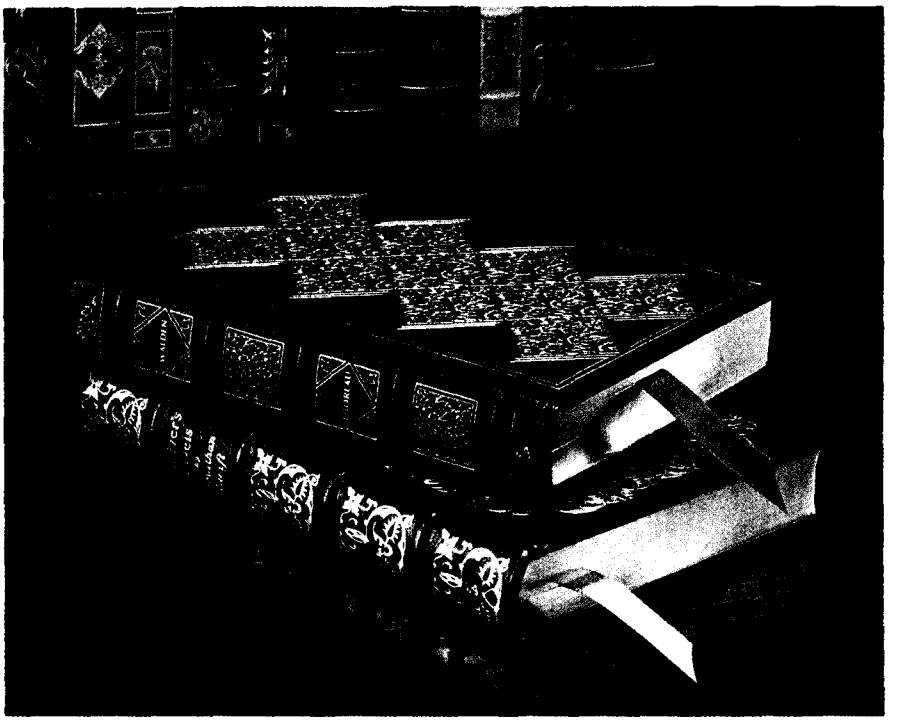


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Everyone wants to surround himself and his family with objects of lasting beauty, meaning and value - to own with pride and pass on as valuable heirlooms to future generations. There can be no better heirloom than beautifully leather bound, gold-decorated editions of the world's greatest books.

Now, you can acquire this kind of private library from The Easton Press.



The World's Greatest Books

It isn't difficult to list the world's greatest books. Their titles spring instantly to everyone's mind, because what makes a book great is its ability to have a lasting impact on each new generation of readers. A book becomes great only when it is recognized as being great - generation after generation.

Melville's *Moby Dick*, Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Plato's *Republic*, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Dostoevesky's *Crime and Punishment*, Homer's *Iliad*, Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Books like these are the greatest books of all time...the books of *lasting value* that each family wants on its bookshelves.

As Beautiful as They Are Meaningful

The pride that one feels in acquiring this edition of the world's greatest books comes not only from the power and significance of each literary masterpiece. It comes also from the sheer beauty of each book. Every volume in this private library will exemplify the ultimate in the art of printing, illustrating and binding.

Each of the volumes will be printed on the highest quality paper. Each book is bound in genuine leather, and every volume's binding is inlaid with real gold in a unique design that sets it apart from all other volumes.

Genuine Leather Bindings

Today it is rare to find books bound in genuine leather. The cost of such bindings and the time required to create them has made the crafting of such bindings an almost vanishing art.

But each book in this collection will be bound in genuine leather! The leathers used will be only the finest, and many different types of leathers will be used - calfskin, cowhide, suede, sheepskin - to give even greater distinction to the total collection.

As with every detail of these books, luxury in binding will be the rule rather than the exception. Each volume will have the beautiful lustre, wonderful feel, and distinctively rich smell that is characteristic of only *genuine* leather.

Unique Cover Designs of Real Gold

To further enhance the richness and beauty of your books, each binding will be decorated with real gold. Each cover design will be deeply inlaid with this precious metal. The back cover and the spine of each book will be similarly decorated.

Gilt-edged Pages

Complementing the gold of the leather cover's design is the gilt edging of every page. The pages of every book will be gilt-edged in real gold.

Elegant in Every Way

As final touches of elegance, each book will have beautiful endsheets of the highest quality, contain a bound-in ribbon page marker and be bound with a "hubbed" spine that is used in only the finest books.

The result of all of this careful attention to luxury and elegance is a collection of books that brings back memories of the great private libraries of the most discriminating families in days gone by.

Distinctly Different Volumes

Distinctiveness is the watchword of this private library. No two volumes are the same. The leather used in the bindings will be of many colors and grains. The type styles and illustrations will vary from volume to volume matching the unique character of each of the individual works. The design on each volume's leather cover will be different, with no two alike. Even the sizes of the books in the collection will vary.

A Most Important Family Heirloom

To acquire this distinguished edition of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" is to establish a family treasure that will be enjoyed now and passed on from generation to generation.

Each of the books in this collection is a literary masterpiece. In addition, each volume is a work of lasting beauty. The elegance of the genuine leather bindings, decorated with real gold and crafted to the highest standards of the bookbinder's art, makes this private library an expression of true appreciation of quality.

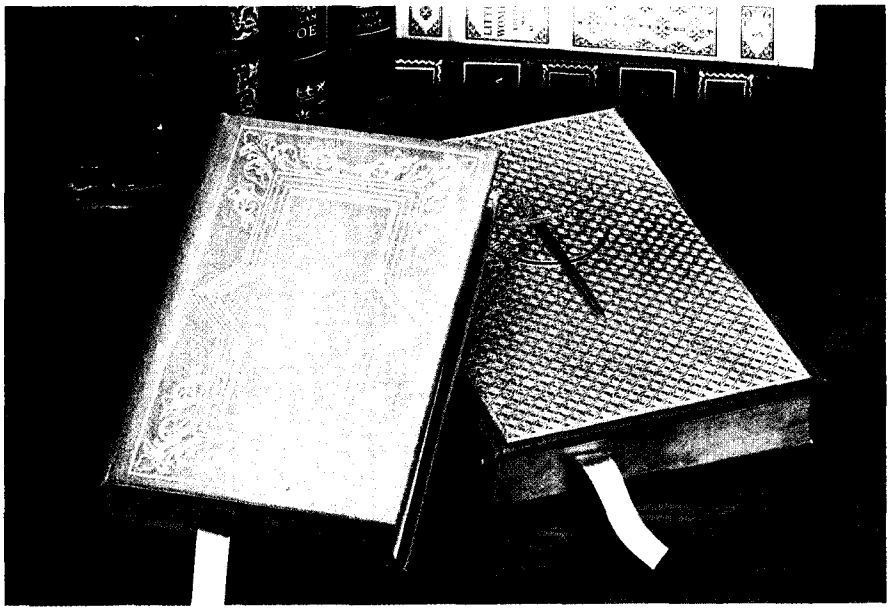
In today's world of impermanence, it has become increasingly important to establish in each family something of true heirloom quality. There is no finer example of such a family treasure than this edition of the world's greatest books.

Available Only by Advance Subscription

The Easton Press edition of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" will be

(Continued on next page)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(Continued from previous page)

made available only by advance subscription. The books will not be available in bookstores, nor will they be offered through rare book dealers. They will be made available only to those who take advantage of the opportunity you now have before you.

The quantity issued of each volume in the edition will be strictly limited to the advance subscriptions we have received and registered. The rarity that is so important in determining the future value of your heirloom possessions is thereby ensured with this library of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written".

A Truly Personal Library

When you acquire this edition of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" you are building a personal library that will be one of your most prized possessions. To beautifully identify each book in the edition as part of your own private collection, a unique personalized nameplate will accompany every volume.

This plate is our certification, as the publisher of this edition, that each volume was issued expressly *in your name* to honor your registered subscription.

Beautifully Illustrated Books

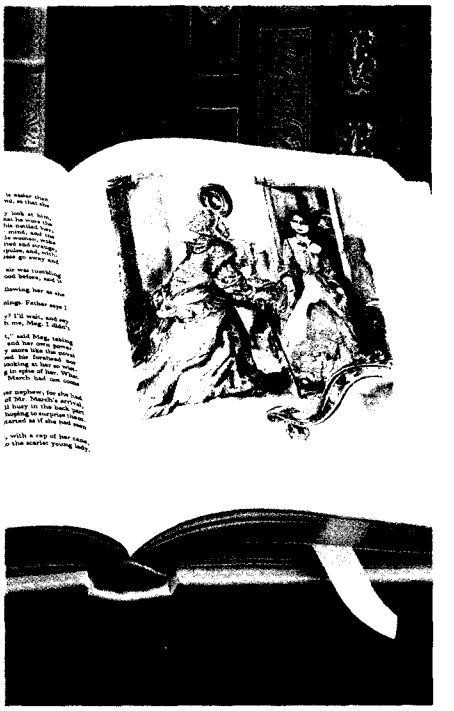
Each volume of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" will be beautifully illustrated. In many cases, authentic illustrations from the period of the literary masterpiece will be used. In others, specially commissioned art from leading illustrators will be created to impressively complement the specific book.

Whether it be finely detailed black and white etchings or dramatic full color paintings, the illustrations used in each book will be carefully selected to match the mood and meaning of the author's work. The rich use of illustrations throughout each volume will increase the pleasure you and your family derive from each book. Truly, each volume will be exactly what you would expect in an heirloom edition of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written".

The Acquisition Plan

Books of the quality of the volumes in this collection are not generally available today, and they cannot be mass produced. Because of the extraordinary care and craftsmanship required of fine bindings such as these, the books in the collection will be issued at the rate of one per month.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Subscriptions to The Easton Press edition of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" will be offered only on an advance registration basis. Further, individual volumes of the edition will not be offered. This means that only subscribers to the collection can acquire this private library of distinction.

Comparable books bound in genuine leather sell for as much as $50 to $75 per volume. However, you will be pleased to learn the volumes in this collection will be priced at only $28.50 each for the first two full years. Future volumes will be similarly priced subject only to minor periodic adjustment to reflect varying material costs.

Thus, you can acquire "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" at prices far lower than collectors have been accustomed to paying for similar fine books in the past.

This favorable pricing is possible because the efficiencies of direct mail selling will enable us to place a larger print order than is usually possible on fine editions of this nature.

As a subscriber, you will never receive any books you do not want. A list of the 100 books scheduled in the collection will be sent to you. You may indicate which titles on this list, if any, you do not want to receive, thereby insuring that you acquire only the books you wish to own.

If you desire, you may return any volume within 30 days for a full refund of your purchase price. Moreover, you need purchase volumes only as long as you choose to do so; you may cancel your subscription at any time.

R.S.V.P.

To accept this invitation, you need only complete the Preferred Subscription Reservation and return it to us.(It is not necessary to send any payment at this time.) This simple step is all that is necessary for you to begin building a private library of your own that is sure to be envied by all who see it, and treasured by all who use it.

The Easton Press

Preferred Subscription Reservation

The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written

The Easton Press
47 Richards Ave.
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

No payment required.
Simply mail this subscription reservation.

Please send me the first volume of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" and reserve a subscription in my name. Further volumes will be sent at the rate of one book per month. I will be billed $28.50* prior to shipment for each book.

I may return any book within 30 days for a full refund, and I may cancel my subscription at any time.

I understand that you will send me a list of books scheduled for future monthly shipment. I may then indicate which titles on this list, if any, I do not want to receive, thereby insuring that I never receive any books I do not want.

An option to charge books to Master Charge or BankAmericard will be made available when you are invoiced for your first volume. **Plus $1.25 per book for shipping and handling.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ As a convenience, I prefer to pay now for my first volume in the collection at $28.50 plus $1.25 shipping and handling (total payment $29.75). Enclosed is my check payable to the Easton Press. Conn. residents pay $31.83 to include sales tax.

53SR

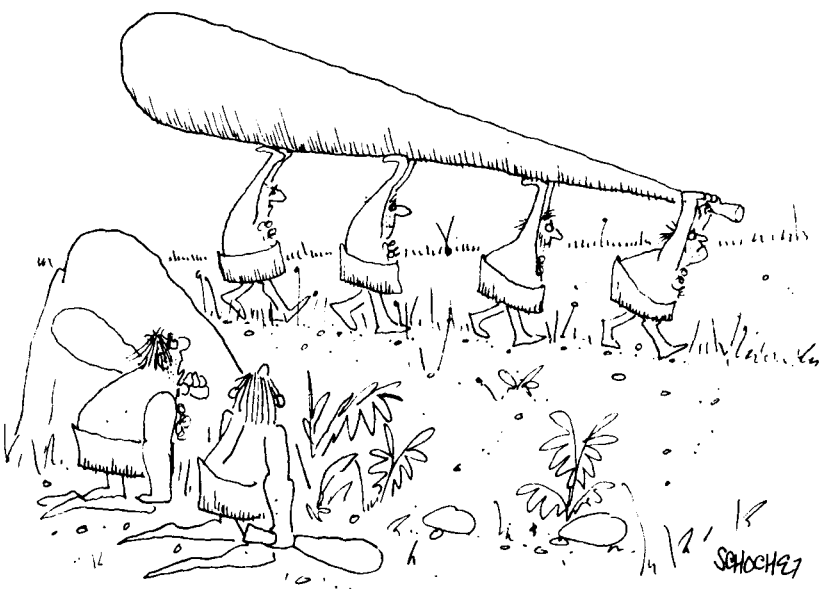
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books *from page 28*

for us to hear. We know that Uncle Sam is bent on dominating the world and will stop at nothing, not even nuclear war, to achieve this objective; he himself admits as much. But we have only his word for it that the Phantom exists, let alone that *he* is out to rule the world and will stop at nothing to work his diabolical will. The inference Coover means us to draw is unmistakable: the Phantom is an American delusion invented for the sole purpose of justifying a monstrous and criminal effort to Americanize the entire world.

Because this purpose has been flagging lately, Uncle Sam decides to whip it up by concocting a conspiracy on the Phantom's part to steal the secrets of the atom bomb with the help of his servants Julius and Ethel Rosenberg (whom Coover portrays as saintly, if aesthetically unappetizing, martyrs). He then arranges for a legal frame-up and, in what Coover's publisher considers a "wildly plausible premise," for a public execution. A stage is erected in Times Square, and the Rosenbergs are electrocuted there in the presence of millions of Americans, who celebrate the occasion with a mass orgy and are entertained by such stars of stage, screen, and radio as the Marx Brothers, Jack Benny, and Edgar Bergen, while every major member of the government, each one cited by name, looks on. All this having been accomplished, the book ends with Richard Nixon (who has just been caught masturbating at the thought of Ethel Rosenberg and who has attempted to make love to her in the death house at Sing Sing) being buggered by Uncle Sam in a scene described in graphic detail for two whole pages. It is, we learn, Uncle Sam's usual way of letting a man know that he has been chosen as a future President of the United States.

Here, then, is a book that tells us that the Rosenbergs were framed, that the United States is an evil country, and that Communism is a figment of the American imagination—and that "documents" these contentions by putting words into the mouths of real people who never spoke such words, mixing these fictional words so cunningly with passages from their own speeches or writings that it would often take an expert to know where Nixon or Eisenhower or the Rosenbergs leave off and Robert Coover begins. Here, too, is a book that accuses real people of the foulest motives and the most hideous behavior imaginable—all without the slightest basis in fact. Should such a book be called a novel? I think not. I think it should be called a lie. And because it hides behind the immunities of artistic freedom to protect itself from being held to the normal standards of truthful discourse, it should not only be called a lie, it should also be called a cowardly lie. ◉



"Well, back to the drawing board."

Chaos and Beauty

by Paul Auster

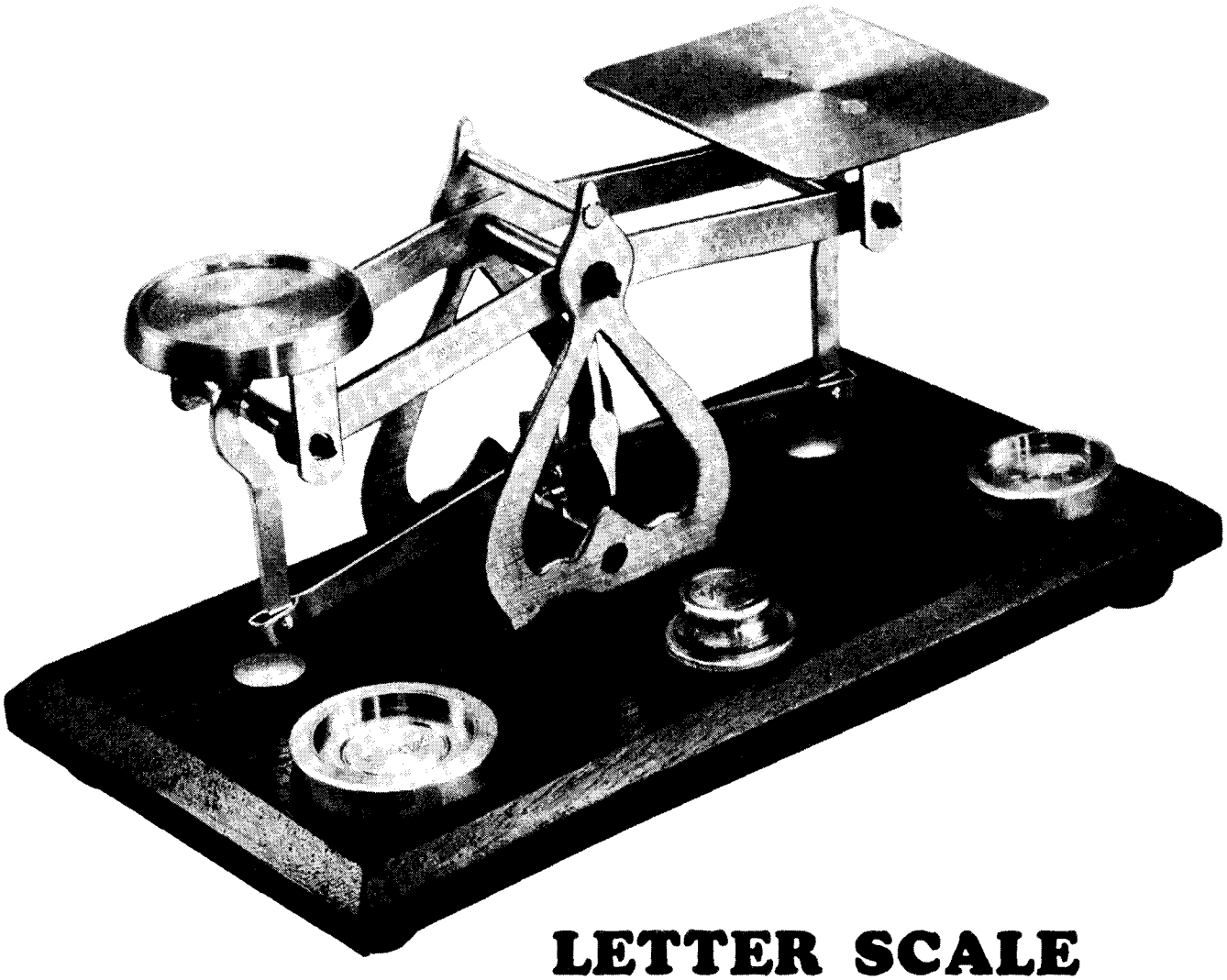
Few books of recent American poetry have provoked such unanimous praise and admiration as John Ashbery's *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror* (1975). Winner of the National Book Award, the Pulitzer Prize, and the National Book Critics Circle Award, this volume suddenly provided Ashbery with the kind of official recognition that had always been denied him in the past. To say the least, this turnaround was surprising. Throughout the earlier stages of his writing life, Ashbery's work suffered a singularly bad press. Not only was his poetry described as obscure, meaningless, and willfully avant-garde, but there was a decided edge of bad feeling, even contempt, in the remarks of many critics. In 1962, for example, John Simon wrote in *The Hudson Review* that "Mr. Ashbery has perfected his verse to the point where it never deviates into—nothing so square as sense!—sensibility, sensuality, or sentences"; in 1968 James Dickey (in *Babel to Byzantium*) called Ashbery's imagination "irresponsible" and stated that the poems produced nothing more than "rather cute and momentarily interesting games"; and again, in 1970, a reviewer in these pages complained that Ashbery, "the Doris Day of modernist poetry," was still playing "nasty Symbolist-Imagist tricks on his audience while maintaining a facade of earnest innocuousness." When the lords of the literary establishment deigned to discuss Ashbery, it was only to tear his work apart with the hatchets of misunderstanding.

At the same time, however, Ashbery was by no means a neglected poet. His books did manage to get published, and although his audience was small, it was devoted—even fanatically devoted—recognizing in him one of the few innovative poetic talents of his generation. To young and budding poets of the 1960s, Ashbery was already something of a classic, a trailblazer who had shown them a direction other than the formalism of academic poetry and the self-indulgent pieties of the Beats. If the public responded with confusion and condescension, it was because Ashbery was approaching the poetic act in a way that was essentially foreign to the accepted procedures of American poetry. There were, quite simply, no familiar points of reference.

Reading an Ashbery poem can be a dizzying experience. His sensibility is various and disruptive, running the gamut from high seriousness to the funkiness of

Paul Auster has written two volumes of poetry, Unearth *and* Wall Writing. *His criticism has appeared in* The New York Review of Books, Harper's, *and* Commentary.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LETTER SCALE OF SOLID BRASS ON SOLID OAK!

An exact working replica of an antique English letter scale, circa 1860—and every detail identical to the original. An unusual gift for his or her desk, and most elegant on a collector's shelf. Guaranteed accurate, with tested brass weights of 1 oz., 2 oz., plus two ½ oz. Precision crafted of solid polished brass on a base that's smoothly beveled and richly varnished, nicely finished with lined niches for the weights and non-mar feet to protect your furniture. Our own British import, 7x3⅞x3½" high. Probably the most impressive gift you could choose for the executive who has everything!

9319 English Letter Scale $19.98

Add $1.00 postage and handling, NY residents add taxes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Master Charge and BankAmericard accepted. Please send your account number and expiration date. Master Charge, please include your Inter-Bank number.

LILLIAN VERNON™

Dept. S9R2
510 S. Fulton Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, NY 10550

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Poems by John Ashbery

Saying It to Keep It from Happening

Some departure from the norm
Will occur as time grows more open about it.
The consensus gradually changed; nobody
Lies about it any more. Rust dark pouring
Over the body, changing it without decay—
People with too many things on their minds, but we live
In the interstices, between a vacant stare and the ceiling.
Our lives remind us. Finally this is consciousness
And the other livers of it get off at the same stop.
How careless. Yet in the end each of us
Is seen to have traveled the same distance—it's time
That counts, and how deeply you have invested in it,
Crossing the street of an event, as though coming out of it
were
The same as making it happen. You're not sorry,
Of course, especially if this was the way it had to happen.
Yet would like an exacter share, something about time
That only a clock can tell you: how it feels, not what it
means.
It is a long field, and we know only the far end of it,
Not the part we presumably had to go through to get there.
If it isn't enough, take the idea
Inherent in the day, armloads of wheat and flowers
Lying around flat on handtrucks, if maybe it means more
In pertaining to you, yet what is is what happens in the end
As though you cared. The event combined with
Beams leading up to it for the look of force adapted to the
wiser
Usages of age, but it's both there
And not there, like washing or sawdust in the sunlight,
At the back of the mind, where we live now.

Copyright © John Ashbery, 1976 and 1977.

The Other Tradition

They all came, some wore sentiments
Emblazoned on T-shirts, proclaiming the lateness
Of the hour, and indeed the sun slanted its rays
Through branches of Norfolk Island pine as though
Politely clearing its throat, and all ideas settled
In a fuzz of dust under trees when it's drizzling:
The endless games of Scrabble, the boosters,
The celebrated omelette au Cantal, and through it
The roar of time plunging unchecked through the sluices
Of the days, dragging every sexual moment of it
Past the lenses: the end of something.
Only then did you glance up from your book,
Unable to comprehend what had been taking place, or
Say what you had been reading. More chairs
Were brought, and lamps were lit, but it tells
Nothing of how all this proceeded to materialize
Before you and the people waiting outside and in the next
Street, repeating its name over and over, until silence
Moved halfway up the darkened trunks,
And the meeting was called to order.
I still remember
How they found you, after a dream, in your thimble hat,
Studious as a butterfly in a parking lot.
The road home was nicer then. Dispersing, each of the
Troubadours had something to say about how charity
Had run its race and won, leaving you the ex-president
Of the event, and how, though many of those present
Had wished something to come of it, if only a distant
Wisp of smoke, yet none was so deceived as to hanker
After that cool non-being of just a few minutes before,
Now that the idea of a forest had clamped itself
Over the minutiae of the scene. You found this
Charming, but turned your face fully toward night,
Speaking into it like a megaphone, not hearing
Or caring, although these still live and are generous
And all ways contained, allowed to come and go
Indefinitely in and out of the stockade
They have so much trouble remembering, when your
forgetting
Rescues them at last, as a star absorbs the night. ◉

pop culture, and it takes a certain familiarity with his work to avoid getting lost in the abrupt shifts of mood and unusual verbal juxtapositions that continually crop up and force the reader to detour around his original expectations. Paraphrase, formal analysis, and explications are almost useless when confronting Ashbery's poems, and it is nearly impossible to affix any given work with the kind of "meaning" schoolchildren are taught to look for in literature. On the other hand, there is the adventure of the process, sustained by an awesome verbal gift and enhanced by the intimacy of a voice creating lush environments of feeling and thought. Although there is nothing confessional in the strictly biographical sense to be found here, and although there is no logical progression in the poems, Ashbery's work nevertheless transmits a deeply personal presence and manages, consistently, to create an aura of cogent rhetoric. This is undoubtedly his most magical skill: to be able to put the reader *within* the drama of the poem, even though when broken down into its component parts the poem seems to be little more than a cluster of dazzling surfaces, two-dimensional, with no apparent depth. One must truly enter the poem before its space can begin to be felt.

Ashbery's work is marked by a marvelous sense of freedom, an ability to follow his own instincts and to let things happen. The poems are not planned out in advance; they are exploratory in nature, a tapping of what Ashbery has called the "underground stream" of his mind. In what is perhaps his fullest description of his own art, written in 1975 for the encyclopedia *Contemporary Poets*,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he stated: "There are no themes or subjects in the usual sense, except the very broad one of an individual consciousness confronting or confronted by a world of external phenomena. The work is a very complex but, I hope, clear and concrete transcript of the impressions left by these phenomena on that consciousness. The outlook is Romantic. . . . Characteristic devices are ellipses, frequent changes of tone, voice (that is, the narrator's voice), point of view, to give an impression of flux."

To carry this statement one step further, what most concerns Ashbery is the question of perception. Rigorously faithful to his own, often fragmented, experiences, undaunted by the fact that life is rarely so neat as to allow one to isolate objects and events in stark, empirical clarity, Ashbery plunges into the continuum and shows us how all things, in the end, are linked—one echoing another, summoning up memories and impressions of still other things, and merging in the totality of experience. It is an enterprise with no moral or political viewpoint and few opinions. Art for art's sake, if you will—but in such a way that we are constantly thrown back into our daily experience of the world, constantly reminded of the shifting and tenuous network of images that shapes our lives. The effort in these poems is that of a man willing to call himself endlessly into question, to reexamine the groundwork of his assumptions, and to record, as accurately as possible, the things he has encountered. The result is a poetry that has remained, through all its permutations, startlingly fresh and vibrant, awake to the most subtle nuances and overtones of our moment, a mirror of the chaos and beauty of the real. At the age of fifty, with *Houseboat Days* (Viking, $7.95) just published, John Ashbery has finally achieved the status he has always deserved: as one of the indispensable poets of his generation.◉

Footnotes in Samizdat

The Ivankiad
by Vladimir Voinovich
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
132 pp., $10 cloth, $3.95 paper
The Samizdat Register
Edited by Roy A. Medvedev
Norton, 320 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

IT IS easy for foreigners to ignore the impact of voluntary or of forced emigration of dissidents on literary and intellectual life within the Soviet Union. Since 1971, however, the movement that had begun with the departure of small numbers of Jews for Israel has turned into a cultural hemorrhage of Jewish and non-Jewish dissenters that can only be compared to the exodus of intellectuals from Nazi Germany in the 1930s.

How good it is to see these two completely different books by Russians living and writing inside Russia—books demonstrating that *samizdat* (self-publishing) is still alive, though not as well as it was during the post-Khrushchev, preemigration era of the late 1960s.

The Ivankiad is a deadpan account of the author's struggle with a well-connected party hack over an apartment in a writers' cooperative in Moscow. The story will undoubtedly be mistaken for pure satire but is for the most part, the literal truth. It is one of the two funniest books to come out of the Soviet Union during the past 15 years, the other one being *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* (1977), by the same author. I have been enraged and moved to tears by contemporary Russian prose and poetry, but Vladimir Voinovich is the only Russian writer who makes me laugh out loud.

It was not surprising that Voinovich ran into trouble when he tried to claim his rightful place in line for a new apartment: his rival, Sergei Sergeevich Ivanko, was a powerful publishing bureaucrat who wanted more space to accommodate a new toilet he had brought back from America. The mundane tale gives Voinovich a chance to poke fun at the entire chain of command through which the state security apparatus becomes involved in ostensibly "nonpolitical" matters. There are spots where he elicits much the same response as Philip Roth did in *Our Gang* (1971), in which parody merges with reality and each new twist in the plot evokes both giggles and gasps.

No one escapes the needle. In one scene, Voinovich lovingly embroiders a meeting between the all-powerful Ivanko and an American publisher dubbed "Mr. Hopkins":

> Mr. Hopkins wonders if his colleague Mr. Ivanko couldn't recommend some of the latest novels by the best Russian writers, preferably intellectual prose.
>
> Hmmm . . . hmmm . . . there's a whole series of intellectual novels about life in the kolkhoz. Won't do? About love? There is one about love. He and she are the characters. He's a good producer—operates several machines simultaneously—but lacks initiative. . . . The main erotic scene is when she criticizes him at the Komsomol meeting.

Hopkins tells Ivanko the book won't do because Western readers only want sex and sensationalism. In that case, Ivanko says sadly, all he has to offer an American publisher is "the memoirs of Dr. Goebbels."

Most of the humor in this book is easily accessible to a non-Russian reader, but the publisher has provided excellent footnotes to explain occasional inside jokes. In one exchange, Voinovich chides an official for failing to decline his last name in a letter. The footnote explains that Russian surnames are declined only if they follow the usual rules of Russian grammar. The name "Jimmy Carter," for example, would not be given Russian case endings in an article in *Pravda*. Nor would some names of Soviet citizens—including a number of Jewish, Armenian, Georgian, and other non-Russian names—be declined. By thus failing to decline Voinovich's name, which does follow Russian grammatical categories, the official writing the letter was implying that Voinovich was a foreign—for instance, Jewish—name.

Lack of footnotes is the major problem of *The Samizdat Register*, a valuable volume of essays that is, alas, inaccessible to anyone who is not on intimate terms with pre- and postrevolutionary Russian history. The essays are taken from the first issues of *Twentieth Century*, a *samizdat* journal edited in Moscow by Roy Medvedev, who is best known in the West for *Let History Judge* (1972), a massive indictment of the Stalin era from a Marxist perspective.

The eight essays cover a wide range of topics and opinions (from alcoholism in the Soviet Union to the relationship between socialism and Christianity), but most of the authors fall within the democratic socialist category of dissenters. This volume is remarkable not only because it attests to the continued existence of so-

Susan Jacoby, who lived in Moscow from 1969 to 1971, is the author of Moscow Conversations *and* Inside Soviet Schools.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gotham is missing just one thing. A visit from you.

You name it, it's at the Gotham.

Handsome accommodations, with the most modern amenities. European service. Charming restaurants with international cuisine. An intimate bar, and a late-hours discotheque. An air of elegance, enhanced by our distinguished clientele. All in a superlative location, steps from the heart of the New York matter.

Make us complete. Next time you're in New York, stay at the Gotham. Rooms from $38., suites from $60. Garage available.

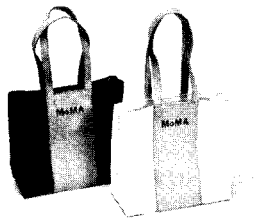
See your travel agent or call:
New York 212 247-2200; Chicago 312 664-9335; Washington, D. C. 202 737-1002; Boston 800 225-1739; Philadelphia 215 665-8520; Toronto 416 962-5711.

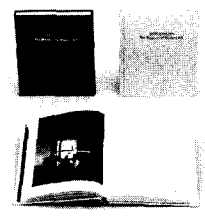
Hotel Gotham
FIFTH AT FIFTY-FIFTH NEW YORK CITY

Give a Bauhaus chess set, an Alvar Aalto free-form vase, an Isamu Noguchi "light sculpture" paper lantern.

Gift Catalog
The Museum of Modern Art

Objects represented in the Museum's Design Collection and a distinctive collection of greeting cards, notepapers, calendars, books, games, and toys from $3.95 to $300.





The Museum of Modern Art/Box 1220, Radio City Station/N.Y. 10019 004

☐ Please send the 1977-78 Gift Catalog by first class mail. Enclosed is $1.

☐ Please send _____ *MoMA Tote Bags.* Sturdy sailcloth with wide natural leather panel and straps. 15 x 12½ x 5". _____ Black canvas. _____ Beige canvas. $21. postpaid.

☐ Please send _____ *Great Addresses,* MoMA's elegant address book, illustrated with photographs of residential structures by internationally esteemed architects. Fine beige linen-finish paper, thumb-indexed, buckram binding stamped with bronze or gold-colored inks. Mailing carton. 6¼ x 7½". _____ Dark red. _____ Beige. $10.50 postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

Catalog free with order. N. Y. State residents add applicable sales tax.

phisticated political discourse within the Soviet Union but because it represents a serious dialogue encompassing both the dissidents who have left their country and those who have remained behind.

Perhaps the most fascinating of the essays is Lev Kopelev's answer to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's famous 1973 attack on democratic freedoms in the West. Kopelev, who was the model for the character of Lev Rubin in Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle* (a fact the publisher does not mention), takes on Solzhenitsyn with a moral authority and incisiveness no Westerner could possess. Noting that Solzhenitsyn's examples of "democracy run riot" include presidential elections, the acquittal of Daniel Ellsberg, and labor strikes, Kopelev writes:

> The notions about the "decadent West" that are the source of these ideas are obviously based on those remarks about "false bourgeois democracy" that have permeated both the old Bolshevik propaganda and all Soviet textbooks, beginning with *A Short Course on the History of the CPSU.*

There is no way a reader can understand this essay without knowing who Kopelev is, why Stalin's *Short Course* occupies an important historical position in Soviet propaganda, and what the initials CPSU (Communist Party of the Soviet Union) stand for. It is a pity that such an important volume should have been published in a form comprehensible only to sovietologists.

As long as such books can only be published in the West, *The Ivankiad* is an excellent example of how it should be done, and *The Samizdat Register,* of how it shouldn't be done. ◉

Books in Brief

The Walnut Door
by John Hersey
Knopf, 240 pp., $7.95

Hersey shows himself at the peak of his form in this love story that positively shimmers with vitality and controlled suggestiveness.

Seeking escape from the trendy confusions of the Sixties and from the lover who went with them, Elaine moves to an unfamiliar town (New Haven) and takes a "dream apartment." There, expectantly but nervously, she awaits rebirth. Along comes Macaboy, ponytailed and hand-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some, who pours his soul into the making of perfect doors with artful locks, which he then sells as "personal security." He leads Elaine/Persephone out of her underworld of anxiety and indecision with a peerless walnut door, made to Mozart, which brings her a security that does not depend on locking out the world (though the New Haven streets are dangerous enough) but that is an expression of self-discovery and fulfillment. The convergence of their two lives seems inevitable when Macaboy's father dies and Elaine is witness to a murder. The contrivance here may be a little too blatant. Nevertheless, the story is tender, deep-rooted, and as subtly grained as that walnut door. It is a novel of erotic discovery in the best sense because in the widest sense. Moreover, it bears an upbeat message for our fear-ridden and somewhat frenzied generation. —PETER GARDNER

Enemies of Society
by Paul Johnson
Atheneum, 288 pp., $9.95

Now and then a reasonable voice lifts its pitch to decry the state of modern culture. Paul Johnson's is such a voice, and here it leaves little in modern life unlabeled as "the Enemy." Enemy of what? Of Western civilization as Johnson imagines it, which is to say of an earnest middle class braced by a clear vision of Truth, chastened by the rub of Reality, and energized by love of Freedom. After charting the rise and fall of previous civilizations through a look at the vicissitudes of this class, Johnson explains that the enemies of social order again threaten to prevail, and his version of the threat yields an ugly portrait of modern culture. The chief villains are Marx and Freud, who undermined Western confidence in objective truth with their untestable, pseudoscientific theories of relativism and self-interest. In their wake, every idea, principle, and action collapses into selfishness or therapy; productivity is thereby condemned and insanity condoned. Likewise, language becomes debased by manipulation and subjectivity, philosophy and art flee reality for trivial speculations and indulgent fantasy, and, worst, the traditionally hardworking middle class abandons its good habits under the assaults of ecological doomsayers and monetary inflation to join in proletarian greed.

This catalog of angry judgment aims at nothing less than awakening Western civilization from a lethal sleep. And anyone

On cultivating the vineyard for better wines.

Cultivating—which is simply the turning or loosening of the soil by mechanical means in order to control weeds and aerate the soil—might seem to some to be the most prosaic of all vineyard operations.

Yet, the truth is, we find its contribution to the production of fine wines far more complex than one might expect.

Weeds, to be sure, are undesirable. They compete with our vines for valuable nourishment and moisture in the soil.

But that is only one reason we take great care to manage an efficient and extensive cultivation program.

Frost Protection

Our experience shows that a moist, clean vineyard—one without weeds—also offers our vines measurable protection against morning frost during March, April, and early May.

Normally, during the day, the soil is warmed by the sun's rays. Then in the early hours before the following dawn, the heat that has been absorbed by the soil is released in the form of radiation, thus warming the vines above.

However, if there are weeds growing on the ground, they will shade the soil. Thus, its temperature will be cooler than if the sun were striking it directly.

Since the temperature difference between a clean vineyard and one with weeds can be as much as six degrees, and since in most instances a mere three or four degrees difference between the ground and the air is enough to protect our vines' tender young buds against frost damage, we do everything we can to keep our vineyards clean.

Our goal, of course, is to ensure that the tender buds ultimately develop into the best possible grapes for our wines.

Pest Protection

Cultivation in the early spring also helps us control insects and pests by destroying their breeding places, both above the soil and just beneath its surface.

In the Gallo vineyards, we might point out, we probably do more cultivating than normal simply because we prefer not to use herbicides when we can avoid them.

That same policy applies to the use of insecticides. We prefer natural controls.

For example, in one of our vineyards, instead of spraying to eliminate the destructive leaf hopper, we planted a number of wild blackberry bushes nearby to provide a refuge for several colonies of wasps.

The wasps then laid their eggs within the eggs of the leaf hoppers and thus prevented them from hatching.

In another case, rather than spray with an herbicide to control an obnoxious weed called puncture vines, we used weevils.

These natural enemies then burrowed into the germ of the puncture vine seeds and prevented them from sprouting.

By so protecting and nurturing our vines, we naturally improve the quality of the grapes that go into our wines.

Other Uses

We also rely on cultivation to enhance the effectiveness of our fertilization programs.

Fertilizers—except for nitrogen and boron—tend to become fixed in the surface soil. In order to be sure that these nutrients reach the roots of our vines, we disk them under the ground.

Then, too, during vineyard operations, soil often becomes compacted, a condition that could destroy the vine's fine root system.

To rectify this situation, we cultivate and loosen the soil, thus providing the roots some growing room. Proper cultivation makes stronger vines; and stronger vines make better grapes.

Why We Do It All

It is only by taking full advantage of all the opportunities available to us in the practice of cultivation—as in all the other facets of the art of viticulture—that we can hope to achieve our goal.

Which is, simply, to provide you with the finest wines we, or anyone else, can possibly produce.

Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alarmed by the abstractness of modern culture and the loose weave of modern society will relish every word. Yet Johnson's argument is as familiar as his fears, and notwithstanding his informed, forceful, and accurate observations, his sympathies for "moral absolutes" and "indivisible truth" set him too far outside our modernity for him to see its health.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Amateur People
by Andreé Connors
Fiction Collective, 159 pp., $8.95

Andreé Connors's *Amateur People* is constructed like a set of Chinese boxes, events and personalities tucked one inside the other in a fine, intricate series of fantastical surprises. People seem to uncoil out of each other's psyches as figments of their respective imaginations. In the wonderful appearing act, no one stays the same.

The chinoiserie of Connors's prose suggests a fairy tale yet lies somewhere between poem and dream, with a bleakness at its core supplied by her expertise with irony, pain, paradox—"the dark side of the moon." Revolving around a suicidal young film star named Varia who spends most of her time arguing with a crotchety old man capable of conjuring other characters out of snowflakes or shrinking to the size of a crumb, Connors's story happens on the edge of time and existence, in the minimal landscape of a beach.

This book is a welcome addition to the list of experimental works published by the Fiction Collective. Connors's writing is whimsical but substantive: she uses free association in a way that is tightly tailored and never unnecessarily inaccessible. Lining up different levels of reality and spheres of existence like an archaeologist charting the levels of a civilization, she connects the whole lot by making sense out of no sense, by adroitly playing with language and loving it. —CELIA BETSKY

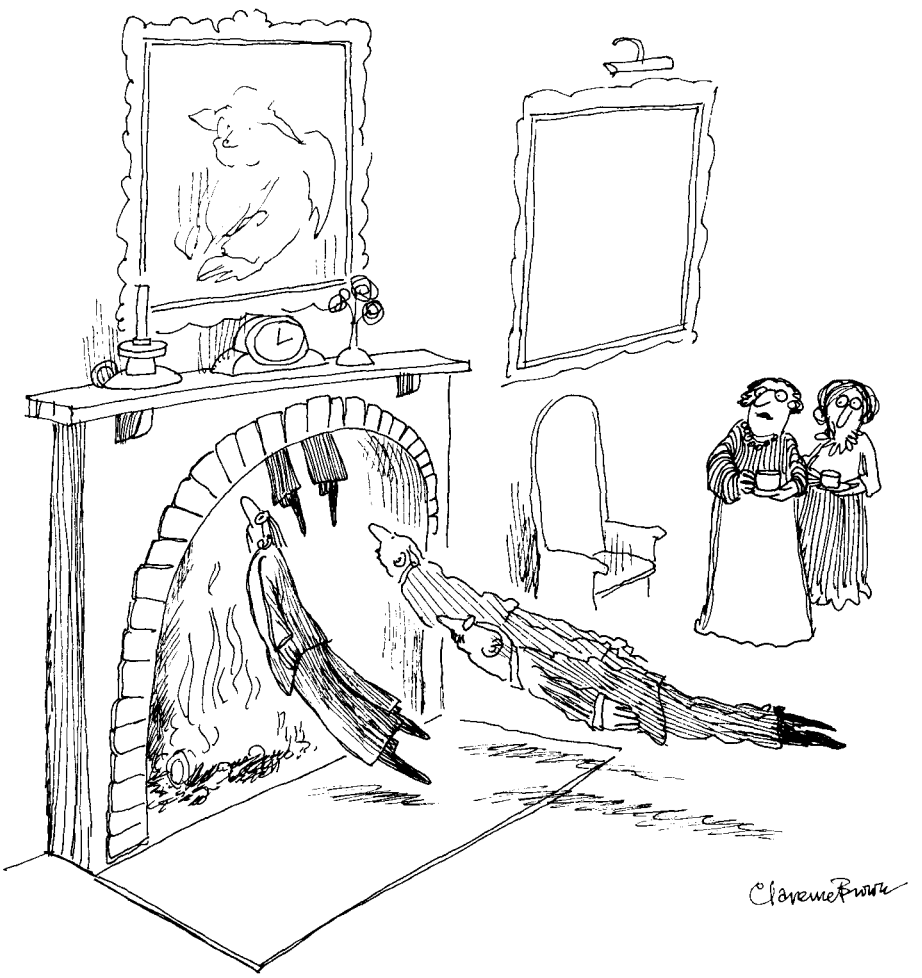
The Thin Mountain Air
by Paul Horgan
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 312 pp., $8.95

Paul Horgan, the seventy-four-year-old Pulitzer Prize winner, once complained that contemporary novelists inhabit "the age of the case history," in which style is reduced to fashionable psychological "jargon." Horgan himself prefers unfashionable jargon. In one scene of *The Thin Mountain Air*, he has Richard, the aggressively lyrical adolescent narrator, describe his mother with a reference to "that ageless and formless foreboding which women harbor for those they love."

This is the third "Richard" novel in a series (beginning in 1968 with *Things as They Are*) that explores what Horgan has called "the pervasive U.S. fictional theme: leaving boyhood." As in the earlier novels, Richard is burdened with guilt, nostalgia (even "anticipated nostalgia"), and an overload of epiphanies. Virtually every incident, from everyday family experiences in upstate New York to the climactic murder/rape sequences in 1920s New Mexico, finds itself saddled with a "revelation."

Ironically, these promiscuous "moments" are less compelling than the physical surroundings in which they are set. Horgan's sense of place is as palpable and magical as ever: New Mexico's "immense sweep of light, heat, water, and vision" has considerably more life than its ranch hands, who, as Richard admits, speak "the professional cant of cowboy fiction." Horgan wants us to believe in the "rude lyrical humanity" of these people, but what we *do* believe in is the majestic inhumanity of his mountains, deserts, and skies.

—JACK SULLIVAN



"The draft problem has been going on for generations."

Mourning the Death of Magic
by Blanche Boyd
Macmillan, 214 pp., $7.95

Blanche Boyd comes out of the great tradition of southern writers distinguished by the elegant lucidity with which they treat lunacy. *Mourning the Death of Magic*, her strong and disturbing second novel, is about a South Carolina family afflicted by life as if by a hit-and-run driver who keeps coming after them. The results include a half-brother who barely manages to connect with a blind, ninety-two-year-old lady, and two sisters who have just enough strength to reach out to each other. The author leaves the reader to imagine the wreckage their lesbian incest will provoke.

Boyd has done away with a stable point of view, substituting the kaleidoscopic vision of a schizophrenic. She creates literary optical illusions, drawing close to one character, letting us see momentarily from one pair of eyes before pulling away and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

giving us a different pair to see through. With each shift she forces us to reappraise our confidence in our vision.

This novel is not comfortable reading. Unlike more conventional writers, the author makes no effort to violate the natural disorder of human experience. She leaves the reader on his own, with no hierarchy of importance ascribed to events or people, with nothing but a novel mined with accidents and travesties through which he must pick his way. The reward is a significant experiment in fiction and, in spite of its title, a magically affecting collage of emotions. —MARTHA SAXTON

The Immigrants
by Howard Fast
Houghton Mifflin, 389 pp., $9.95

Howard Fast's new novel—the first volume of a projected California trilogy—slides down easily, like a friendly if unexceptional Napa wine. All the elements of popular American mythology are offered up for tasting. Dan Lavette, born in a boxcar, builds a shipping empire out of the ashes of the San Francisco earthquake and the blood of the First World War. Seeking the power and wealth symbolized by the "old" second-generation money of Nob Hill, he marries Jean Seldon, daughter of San Francisco's wealthiest banker.

The characters of this novel are *doers*, as Fast never tires of pointing out, and are little given to introspection. The mildly annoying conceit that people "do what they do" because they "are what they are" serves ultimately as a rationalization for the fact that the first generation parvenus are wrecked financially, while the entrenched class of Seldons survives. Lavette, reduced to penury and divorced from Jean, returns to his previous life as a fisherman. This is almost a nineteenth-century European vision of America: Lavette sought to rise above his economically and ancestrally determined place. He had neither religion, past, nor, indeed, a whole self to justify the repudiation of his origins. Fast does a yeomanlike if predictable job of tracing the arc of this iron determinism. —STEPHAN SALISBURY

Song of Solomon
by Toni Morrison
Knopf, 352 pp., $8.95

Toni Morrison is a romantic revolutionary and her novels are acts of defiance against a historyless past that inspires her. The characters she likes best in her quixotic novel-myths are heroic. In *Sula*, the rebel-heroine says, "Me. I'm going down like one of those redwoods. I sure did live in this world," and dies burnt out, but with integrity, at thirty. In Morrison's latest novel, *Song of Solomon*, the low-key hero, Milkman (officially and significantly named Macon Dead), sets off to leap, at age thirty-one, from a rock, knowing that "If you surrendered to the air, you could *ride* it." The gesture is more symbolic than physical, a leap of personal faith in a future. Such faith has been earned through Milkman's discovery of a family tree, a discovery that changes him from a middle-class blade to a sober, enlivened, dignified, and humorous man capable of free will and action.

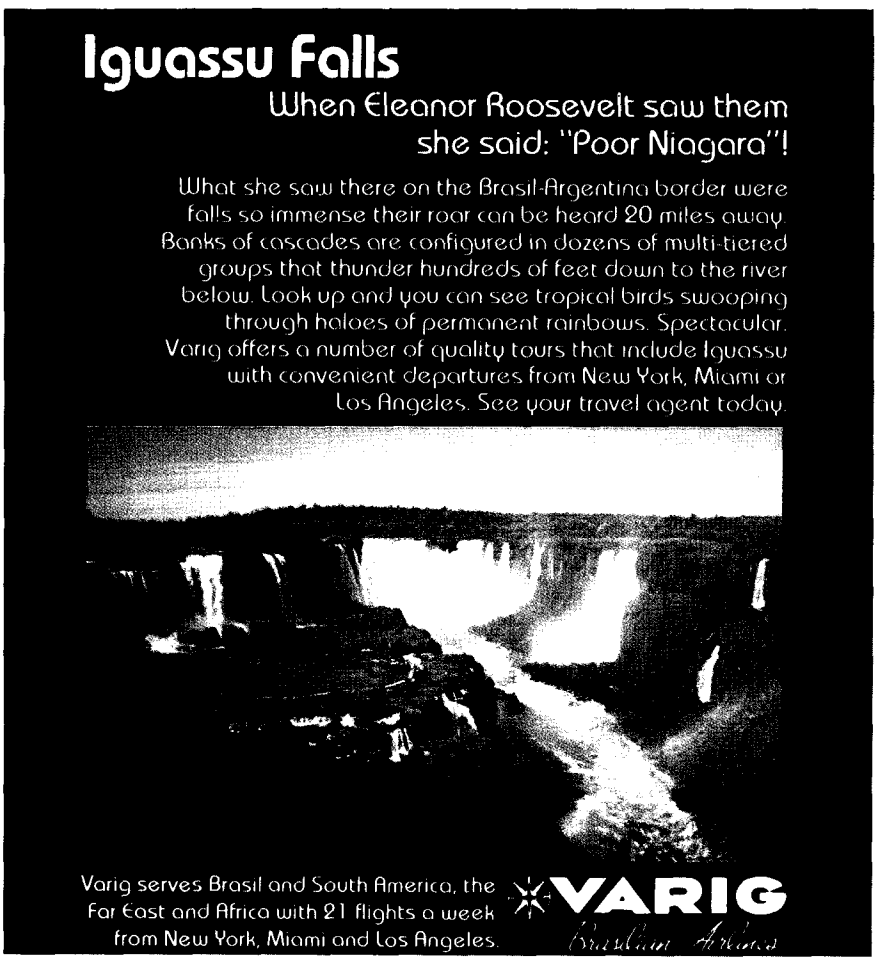
Milkman's journey and leap are metaphors for the author's act of creation. Out of the void of an individual and collective past, Morrison forges the uncreated consciousness of her race. *Song of Solomon* even surpasses *Sula*, with the later novel's stunning meshing of youth's rebellion and wisdom's charity; its noble, brazen gesture and small act of grace; its courageous view of the black man (Daddy) coexisting with strong and stronger female presences. It gives eloquence to black English, for Morrison's ear is faultless; her dialogue, superb. The book is the vision of an original, eccentric, inventive imagination for whom the act of writing is regenerative. —LINDA KUEHL ◉

Wit Twister No. 102
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 60.

The chorus — — — — — —
the homesick Hebrews' song,
And list'ning stagehands — — —
— — — unbidden tears.
Young Verdi's poignant hymn can
move the strong
And — — — — — — weak
spirits from a world of fears.

Contributed by George Van Ronzelen, Richland, Mo.


Iguassu Falls
When Eleanor Roosevelt saw them she said: "Poor Niagara"!
What she saw there on the Brasil-Argentina border were falls so immense their roar can be heard 20 miles away. Banks of cascades are configured in dozens of multi-tiered groups that thunder hundreds of feet down to the river below. Look up and you can see tropical birds swooping through haloes of permanent rainbows. Spectacular. Varig offers a number of quality tours that include Iguassu with convenient departures from New York, Miami or Los Angeles. See your travel agent today.
Varig serves Brasil and South America, the Far East and Africa with 21 flights a week from New York, Miami and Los Angeles.
VARIG
Brazilian Airlines

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you come to Mauna Kea, bring your very best dreams...

Of golf on one of the world's most exciting courses, its fairways built along ancient lava flows. Of our famous ocean third, where you shoot across the sea. And of Mauna Kea's **Golfer's Special** which, from April 10 to December 1, 1977, gives you 5 days, 4 nights including breakfasts, dinners, all greens fees, golf clinic and more, for just $265 per person double, $235 per person triple or $455 single. Dream, too, of great tennis, sailing, a golden beach, flowered courtyards, and fantastic cuisine. Mauna Kea makes them come true. Ask your travel agent or any LRI, Inc. (Loews Representation International) office. In Los Angeles, call (213) 657-2667.

MAUNA KEA
BEACH HOTEL
On the Big Island of Hawaii

Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

Trade Winds

by William Cole

De-Skimping

What with one thing and another, I've skimped on poetry lately. That will never do. So to make up:

Anyone who cares about poetry should subscribe to two marvelous, nonprofit publications: *Coda: Poets & Writers Newsletter* and *Parnassus: Poetry in Review*. *Coda* comes out five times a year and is devoted to news and features about American poets and fiction writers. You'll get such things as listings of literary grants, awards, and fellowships (how much, where to apply, when); news of upcoming readings and a listing of writers available for readings; a rundown on vanity publishing; an interview article with literary agents; a piece on outstanding poetry libraries; a de-mystification of the new copyright laws; the hows and whys of writing for the movies; tax information for writers; and a listing of upcoming writers' conferences. Always inside information unavailable elsewhere and plenty of surprises. Costs $6 a year, from Poets & Writers, 201 West 54 Street, New York, N. Y. 10019.

Parnassus is semiannual, the size of a proper book (the next issue will be 500 pages), and has simply the best critics and poets taking their time to write about the best poets. The current Bicentennial issue features reconsiderations of American greats: Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Dickinson (by Adrienne Rich; fascinating), Pound, Eliot, Stevens, Williams. The next issue—on *Parnassus*'s fifth anniversary—will honor Virgil Thomson's eightieth birthday and will have reviews of books by and about Lowell, Auden, Merwin, Rimbaud, and Montale. Ask for your subscription to begin with the Bicentennial issue: $13 a year, from Parnassus, 205 West 89 Street, New York, N. Y. 10024.

Keeping Up with the Joneses

I love the Oxford anthologies of verse. They're handsome, sturdy volumes, well printed and well selected. Next year we'll have Kingsley Amis's *Oxford Book of Light Verse*. This year we have *The Oxford Book of Welsh Verse in English*, edited by Gwyn Jones (Oxford University Press, $12.95), and it's swarming with people named Jones, Williams, Davies, Evans, Owens, Griffiths, and Thomas (Edward, Dylan, and R. S.—all grand poets). Two hundred thirty-eight poems, more than half of which are translations from the sixth century on down. Here's a favorite poet of mine, Idris Davies (1905–53), writing about the miners' strikes of the Twenties (*fach* means "little," and it is used as we use "dear"). The first line is the title:

Mrs. Evans fach, you want butter again.
How will you pay for it now, little woman
With your husband out on strike, and full
Of the fiery language? Ay, I know him,
His head is full of fire and brimstone
And a lot of palaver about communism,
And me, little Dan the Grocer
Depending so much on private enterprise.

What, depending on the miners and their
Money too? O yes, in a way, Mrs. Evans,
Yes, in a way I do, mind you.
Come tomorrow, little woman, and I'll tell
you then
What I have decided overnight.
Go home now and tell that rash red husband
of yours
That your grocer cannot afford to go on strike
Or what would happen to the butter from
Carmarthen?
Good day for now, Mrs. Evans fach.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poet from Cottonwood
Here's a poem entitled "Thumb":

The odd, friendless boy raised by four aunts.

That's it. I once used it in an anthology called *Poems One Line and Longer*. It's by Philip Dacey and is in his first book, *How I Escaped from the Labyrinth and Other Poems* (Carnegie-Mellon University Press, $3.50 paper). Dacey, born in 1939, teaches at Southwest State University and lives in poetic Cottonwood, Missouri. The poems are as intriguing as their titles: "Looking at Models in the Sears Catalogue," "The Obscene Caller," and "The Ring Poem: A Husband Loses His Wedding Band as He Gestures from a Bridge." Or how about the title poem, "How I Escaped from the Labyrinth":

It was easy.
I kept losing my way.

And Howes
After five books, a poet is ripe for a retrospective, and that's what we have from Barbara Howes, *A Private Signal: Poems New and Selected* (Wesleyan, $8.50 cloth, $4.45 paper). Miss Howes, who was brought up in Boston, has edited the respected literary magazine *Chimera* and two anthologies of short stories. Nature is one of her themes, and no wonder, since she divides her time between North Pownall, Vermont, and the West Indies. Katherine Anne Porter once wrote of her "sturdy forms, cadences, rhythms, technical expertness," and she was right. Here's "The Nuns Assist at Childbirth":

Robed in dungeon black, in mourning
For themselves they pass, repace
The dark linoleum corridors
Of humid wards, sure in the grace

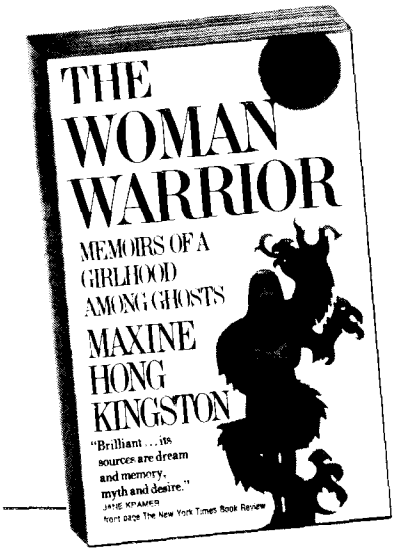
Of self-denial. Blown by duty,
Jet sails borne by a high wind,
Only the face and hands creep through
The shapeless clothing, to remind

One that a woman lives within
The wrappings of this strange cocoon.
Her hands reach from these veils of death
To harvest a child from the raw womb.

The metal scales of paradox
Tip here then there. What can the nun
Think of the butchery of birth,
Mastery of the flesh, this one

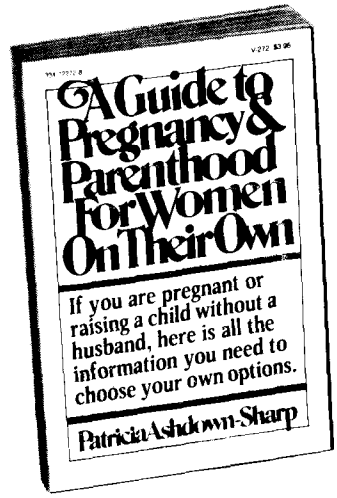
Vigorous mystery? Rude life
From the volcano rolls and pours,
Tragic, regenerate, wild. Sad
The unborn wait behind closed doors. ◉

Paperbacks for women who want to know


THE WOMAN WARRIOR
MEMOIRS OF A GIRLHOOD AMONG GHOSTS
MAXINE HONG KINGSTON
"Brilliant . . . its sources are dream and memory, myth and desire."
JANE KRAMER
front page The New York Times Book Review

1976 National Book Critics Award for the best non-fiction book...
"Brilliant. Its sources are dream and memory, myth and desire." —JANE KRAMER, front page, N.Y. Times Book Review. "One of the best books I've read in years. It burns the fat right out of the mind." — JOHN LEONARD, The New York Times. $2.45

If you are pregnant or raising a child without a husband...
Here is all the information you need to choose your own options — how to determine pregnancy; how to arrange for the birth or for an abortion; how to put a child up for adoption or for a foster home; plus facts about all types of contraceptives and state-by-state surveys of pertinent agencies.
$3.95. A Vintage Original.


A Guide to Pregnancy & Parenthood For Women On Their Own
If you are pregnant or raising a child without a husband, here is all the information you need to choose your own options.
Patricia Ashdown-Sharp

Gastronomic tours
by Waverley Root
Maps and line drawings by Warren Chappell

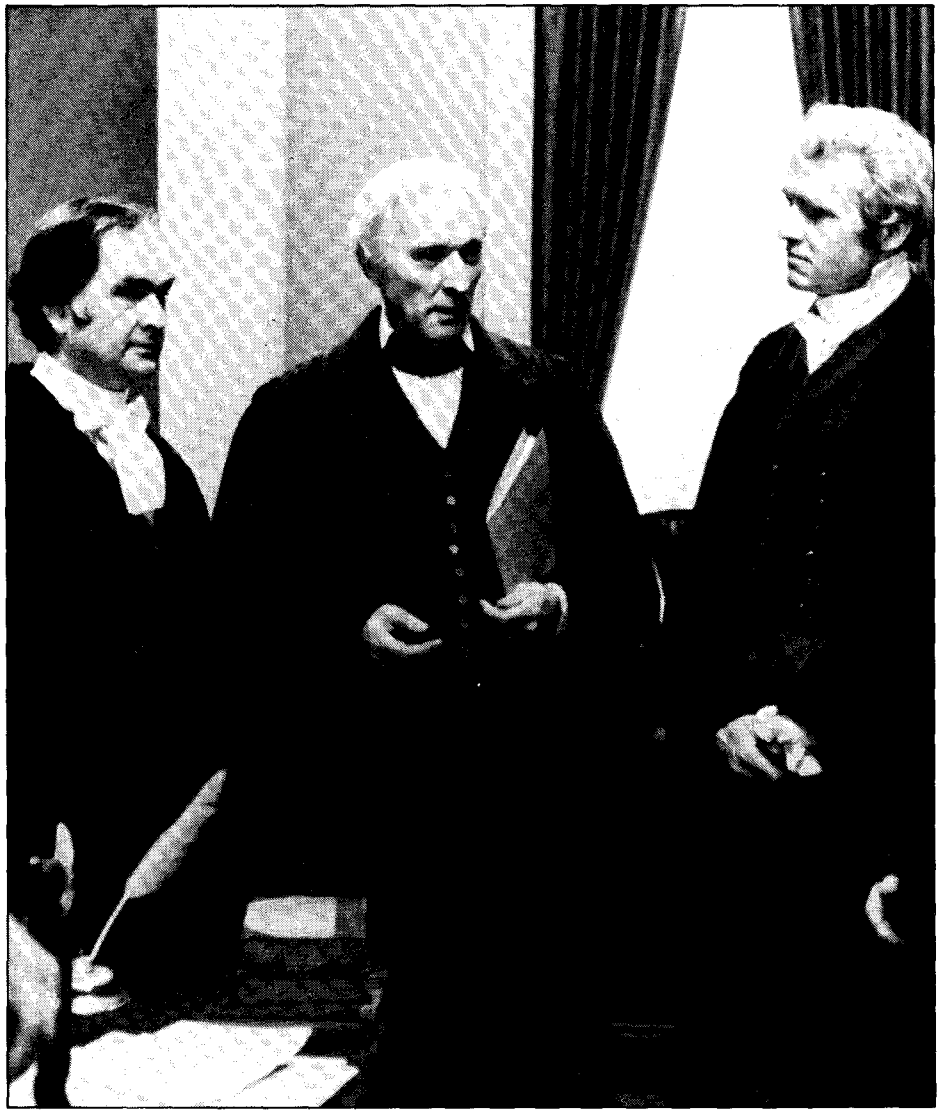
THE FOOD OF FRANCE
"The most lucid and definitive book ever written in English on a cuisine that has flourished for centuries." —CRAIG CLAIBORNE. $5.95

THE FOOD OF ITALY
"Anyone with a consuming love for Italian cooking —or eating—must read it." —Newsweek. $6.95

Now at your bookstore **VINTAGE BOOKS** A division of Random House

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Putting Jefferson Before History's Bar



A scene from "Mr. Chief Justice"—"The supreme law of the land does not emanate from heaven, like the tablets of Moses."

by Karl E. Meyer

THOMAS JEFFERSON may have been a great President, but he was a mediocre lawyer. Certainly he was no match for John Marshall, third Chief Justice of the United States, the architect of judicial supremacy, and Jefferson's bitterest enemy. Such, at least, seems to be the message of a provocative pair of 90-minute specials, "Mr. Chief Justice" and "The Trial of Aaron Burr." The programs, which examine four of Marshall's cases, will be broadcast at 6:00 P.M. (EDT) on successive Saturdays, September 24 and October 1, on most PBS stations.

The message is hardly surprising, since the programs were funded by the Judicial Conference of the United States, headed by the present incumbent in Marshall's job, Chief Justice Warren Burger. Here we have in dramatized form what might be called a judicial review of the American past, or, in other words, high-minded propaganda for the Supreme Court.

Because the programs are interesting in themselves, and because they pose some difficult questions, I think it right to examine critically what the bench wants us to believe. Having been given the Adams family's view of our history, we are now getting Marshall's—again without adequate indication that there are other ways of interpreting events.

Three merits should immediately be noted. First, station WQED in Pittsburgh, the producer of the programs, made the most of a modest budget by using the same cast of relatively unknown players in four separate dramatizations; the acting is competent, if not memorable. Second, a panel of five professors served as consultants to assure historical accuracy, and in the main the exposition is factual.

The third and overriding merit is that the programs make clear that the supreme law of the land does not emanate from heaven, like the tablets of Moses. Political prejudice and personal distemper can play an important—even decisive—part. In putting the early years of High Court history squarely in the context of the passionate feuds between the Republicans (Jefferson's political party) and the Federalists (the party of Jefferson's arch-opponents, including Adams and Marshall), the two specials help to demystify the law.

I cannot quarrel with the choice of the four cases given dramatic treatment—*Marbury* v. *Madison*, *McCulloch* v. *Maryland*, *Gibbons* v. *Ogden*, and *United States* v. *Burr*. By way of these landmark decisions, Chief Justice Marshall laid the groundwork for judicial review of acts of Congress, asserted the primacy of the federal government over the states, enlarged national power to regulate commerce, and resisted a presidential attempt to hang an alleged traitor through legal shortcuts.

A full 90 minutes is devoted to the trial of Aaron Burr, easily the most compelling of the quartet of cases. The former Vice-President was charged with treasonably conspiring to make war on the United States and to create a new empire in the West. Jefferson, in his zeal to convict Burr, allowed doctored documents to be submitted as evidence. Audaciously, Burr asked Marshall, who was the presiding judge in the 1807 treason trial, to require release of all relevant documents and to compel the President to appear as a witness.

With equal audacity, Marshall sustained Burr's request, and though Jefferson did not fully comply, the judge

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The story of Sacco and Vanzetti has never been better told."
— Mary Sansone, Executive Director, Congress of Italian-American Organizations

JUSTICE CRUCIFIED

Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht

"Persuasive and significant... Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht sets the injustice done to Sacco and Vanzetti firmly within the long, scarred American tradition of racial hate and fear of the foreign-born." — *Saturday Review*

"A marvelous accomplishment." — Bayard Rustin, President, A. Philip Randolph Institute

"Monumental... demands reading and heeding." — *Publishers Weekly*

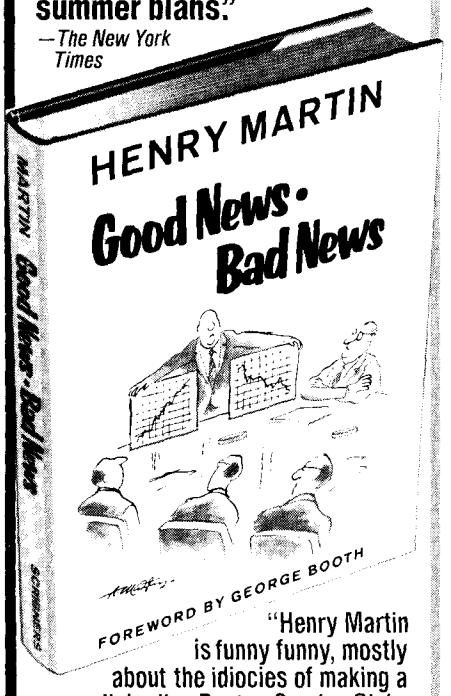
Illustrated with photographs — and including over 100 revealing letters by Vanzetti, never before published in English. $15.00

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY

"Pure fun on every page... a surefire way to belly laugh one's way through the summer blahs."
— *The New York Times*

HENRY MARTIN

Good News • Bad News



FOREWORD BY GEORGE BOOTH

"Henry Martin is funny funny, mostly about the idiocies of making a living." — *Boston Sunday Globe*

SCRIBNER'S $6.95

thereby established the precedent that even a President is not above the law. Moreover, Marshall successfully resisted Jefferson's attempt to broaden the constitutional definition of treason. It is quite right to conclude, as narrator E. G. Marshall remarks, that the decision permanently closed the door to gross abuse of the treason charge.

My quarrel with the programs is that they are loaded against Jefferson. Marshall, as played by Ed Holmes, is a magnificent, leonine visionary with a brooding presence—the central-casting version of a Chief Justice. By contrast, Jefferson (James Noble) always seems to be peevishly haranguing his White House cronies, a Nixon in periwig. Even Burr, as artfully enacted by Nicholas Kepros, is more sympathetic than the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Well, it won't wash. For all his gifts as a jurist, Marshall was also a die-hard Federalist who believed that property and contracts were sacrosanct. Significantly, the programs do not dramatize the famous Dartmouth College case, in which Marshall ruled that the legislature of New Hampshire could not alter in any way a charter that the college had received from King George. In asserting the power of judicial review, Marshall gave future justices a weapon that could be used to strike down any kind of liberal legislation. The specials, however, ignore these actions and implications.

Nevertheless, it is good to be reminded by these programs that a remark once made by a former Chief Justice is essentially sound. "We are under a Constitution," said Charles Evans Hughes, "but the Constitution is what the judges say it is." ◉

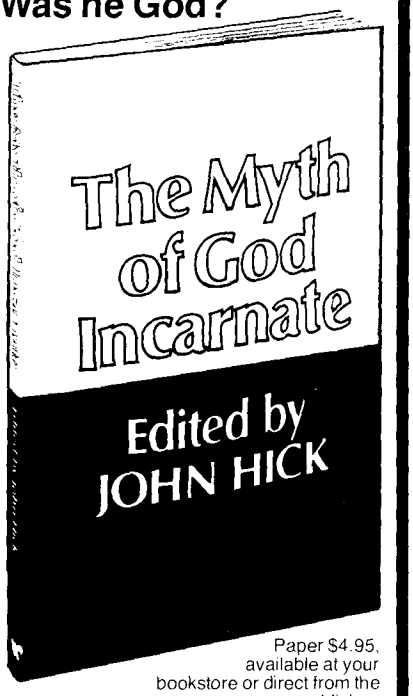
Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 91

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 61.*

DB YKOLF YVOV DM-
HVMRVL RK AKMAVGC
RPKTJPR, MVYFEGE-
VOF GOV G JOVGR
DWEOKHVWVMR KM
G QGL DMHVMRDKM.

—RPKOVGT

The British bestseller that provoked the new debate about Jesus—Was he God?



Paper $4.95, available at your bookstore or direct from the publisher.

THE WESTMINSTER PRESS
905 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107

IT STRIKES ANOTHER HOME EVERY MINUTE!

Protect valuables and records conveniently at home with a Sentry fire safe. Underwriters Laboratories tested up to 1700° F. for one hour. Money-back guarantee. Completely tax-deductible. Prices starting as low as $49.95 postpaid.

Send for FREE Sentry Catalog

sentry

119 Sentry Bldg., Rochester, NY 14625

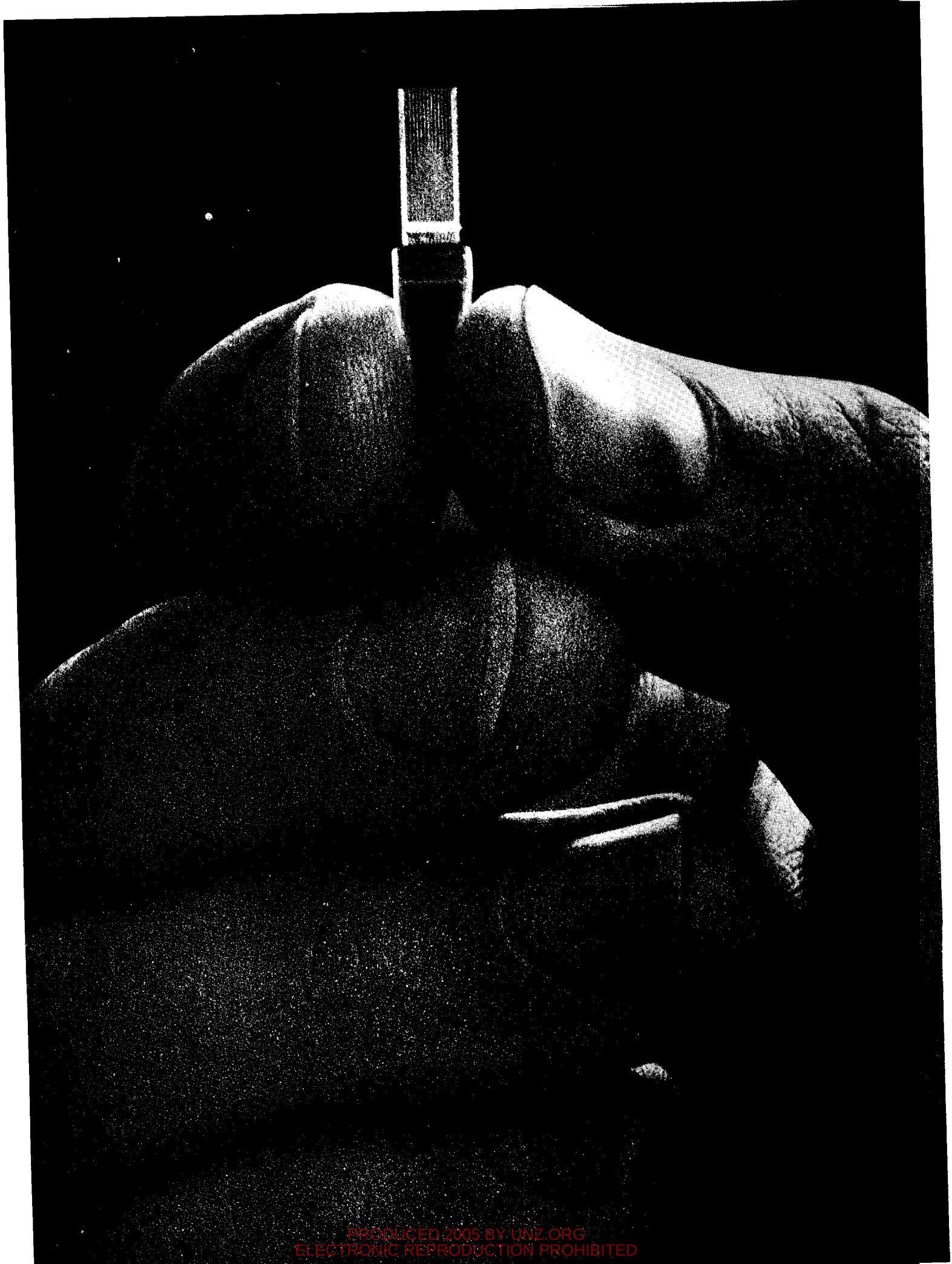
☐ Rush My FREE Sentry Catalog to:

Name _____

Address _____

_____ ZIP _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Chicago Connection.

With it, the phone system of tomorrow is in Chicago today.

A while ago, we told you lightwave communications was just around the corner. Today, it's in the streets of Chicago.

For the first time, the human voice, business data and even video signals are being carried by lightwaves traveling over hair-thin glass fibers. Instead of electric current traveling over copper wire.

But without that little link you see on the opposite page, lightwave communications for such a wide range of services might still be an experiment in a lab. And without Western Electric technology, the link might still be a design on a blueprint.

The link is an outgrowth of an idea from the people at Bell Labs. While they were putting the major components of the lightwave system together, they had to find a way to splice the glass fibers and get the light across the splice.

A Simple Idea

The idea they came up with was deceptively simple. A coupling device made up of tiny grooved chips, smaller than the tip of your finger, that would guide the ends of the hair-thin fibers and butt them up in perfect alignment.

There was only one hitch. Making one chip was easy. But there was no machinery that could mass produce all the identical chips that would be needed for a lightwave system like the one in Chicago.

Making Ideas Reality

That's where Western Electric comes in. Turning ideas into technological innovations is nothing new at Western Electric.

Over the years, Western Electric has piled up an impressive list of innovations that have become manufacturing standards.

It was the first company in the world to manufacture the transistor.

It was the first to put the laser to work as a useful production tool.

And it is the company that went beyond conventional machining techniques to make the chips for Chicago's lightwave system.

Each chip is pure silicon crystal. Its internal structure (a criss-cross arrangement of intersecting planes) provides a built-in blueprint for regularly spaced grooves. And because the crystal's diagonal planes etch faster than its perpendicular planes, uniform grooves can be chemically cut into the chip.

By combining the science of chemistry and the art of lithography, Western Electric's Engineering Research Center developed a way to etch 12 ultra-precise, perfectly shaped, identical V-grooves on each chip. With each groove no wider than a hair and separated only by a hair's breadth from its neighbors.

And, more importantly, they were able to reproduce these chips so that each one was a perfect double of the other.

Teamwork is the Key

The telecommunications revolution beginning in Chicago is another good example of how Western Electric and Bell Labs help put new technology into practical use for the Bell telephone companies, quickly and economically.

Their close relationship is an important reason why your telephone system is the most efficient and reliable communications system in the world. And it's a basic reason why innovations in technology are a common occurrence in the Bell System.

Western Electric

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

A Summer Crop of Maestros

Klaus Tennstedt—"An energetic, artistically personable master."

by Irving Kolodin

THE impressions of ability conveyed by Klaus Tennstedt, formerly of East Germany, at his New York conducting debut with the Philharmonic Orchestra last winter were amended and extended by a midsummer weekend with the Boston Symphony at the Berkshire Festival in Tanglewood, Massachusetts. This performance, taken together with appearances elsewhere on the East Coast by such less-than-familiar conductors as Sir Alexander Gibson and Brian Priestman of Britain, and Eduardo Mata of Mexico, meant that new faces (also backs and batons) were more conspicuous than is commonly customary in summer music-making.

To say that Tennstedt is "formerly" of East Germany (he now makes his home in Kiel, West Germany) is to say that some form of secular miracle must have been invoked to bring about his exit. Communist bloc musicians of quality—especially a conductor of Tennstedt's ability and median age (fifty)—are not granted visas on request. The present story (subject to change at any future time) is that Tennstedt was processed for a limited engagement abroad but was, in error, given a visa for unrestricted travel. After his slow rise within West Germany's musical structure, Tennstedt's American debut in Boston in 1974 opened doors and facilitated opportunities at a brisk rate. Tennstedt's rapid ascension has been marked not merely by engagements, but by reengagements (always the crucial factor) in a fair share of American cities with major orchestras. Toronto and Montreal may be included north of the border.

The plain fact is that Tennstedt (a six-foot-four product of the Leipzig Conservatory) is someone that the American scene has sorely wanted for a decade: a new, energetic, and artistically personable master of the basic German repertory. At Tanglewood he was given a run of that repertory at its most basic level: three all-Beethoven concerts that included symphonies Nos. 2, 3, and 7; three concerti (No. 4 in G for piano, the D-major for violin, and, by addition of the cello to the previous pair, the "triple," Opus 56 in C); with overtures to fill in.

The first two crisp, decisive chords of the third symphony (the E-flat, best known as the "Eroica") alerted the ear that Tennstedt and the orchestra—one of the greatest, given proper leadership—were into and onto an hour's music-making of the purest, most fundamental character. At the heart of it was a conductor not imposing whimsical fantasies of his own on a great musical structure, but a sound musician functioning as intermediary, leader, and guide in assisting the mass of players to realize the clear implications of the notes before them.

This might classify Tennstedt as a literalist in the manner of a predecessor whom Tennstedt somewhat resembles physically: the late Otto Klemperer—provided *literalist* is amended to accommodate the subtle shades of nuance and color by which the letter of the score is artfully, meticulously given the blush of life that converts it into the spirit of the music. Both the first and last movements were swifter than is the current fashion. Between them were a gravely deliberate funeral march and a winged, rather than plodding, scherzo, which taken together produced a provocatively limber, rather than a muscle-bound, "Eroica."

Both in the third symphony and in the second, on the following afternoon, Tennstedt tended to be (Klempererwise) a bit humorless in the pursuit of inner voices, aural stitches in the texture, and undersides of the tonal seams, to the detriment of a composer famous for his own kind of rough humor. A more relaxed treatment of such minutiae would have added a touch of humanity to the many virtues for which Tennstedt is esteemed. With or without it, his kind of Beethoven made the durable shed (forty years old this summer) ring with applause. The overflow crowd on the lawns brought the weekend attendance to 35,000.

SUBURBAN New York's one surviving summer-long festival, at Caramoor, an estate worthy of a higher place on the scale of international music-making, continues to take only limited advantage of its superb setting. Given the enterprise of a John Christie, it could become the American counterpart of Glyndebourne (Caramoor is even closer to metropolitan New York than the famous English center in Sussex is to London). But it does not have a John Christie (or his successor, George) to make it a matter of more than local interest.

Thoughts of Glyndebourne may have been stimulated by the inclusion, in a commemorative mini-Britten festival, under Alexander Gibson's direction, of *The Rape of Lucretia,* which had its premiere

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Sussex playhouse in the summer of 1946. In the years since, *The Rape* has come into sharper focus as a key work in Britten's development. At the outset there is some rather stilted barrack room talk among the Roman soldiers of 500 B.C. vis-à-vis the constancy of the women they have left behind. A few pointed phrases to the effect that what makes for inconstancy of women is the infidelity of men would have been welcome.

However, when the situation is reversed and Britten is dealing with the enduring devotion of Lucretia to Collatinus and with her helplessness in the face of the brutal frontal attack by Tarquinius, the flow of sympathetic music generated by Britten is warmly communicative. Above all, it is on a high artistic level (in the direction of what he did later in *The Turn of the Screw* and *Owen Wingrave*).

Much of this awareness was generated by the sure-handed leadership of Gibson, who has spent too many of his first fifty years under the shadow of others. His profound knowledge of the score was reflected in the admirably precise playing of the orchestra and the finely shaded singing of the women in the cast. They were headed by Nancy Williams, a Lucretia who appealed as much in fidelity as she did humiliated in violation, with Peggy Pruett an attractive, flexibly voiced Lucia, and Joyce Gerber well cast for the requirements of Lucretia's maid, Bianca. The difficult roles of commentators on the action were capably accounted for by Catherine Rowe and Charles Bressler.

Partly because their roles are less well written, the male singers (other than Philip Booth, a strong Collatinus) were of lesser effect. They included William Metcalf, as Junius, and Timothy Nolen, a Tarquinius better formed for the physical than the vocal requirements of the part. The extremely economical sets (mostly drapes and platforms) were designed by Lloyd Evans. Adelaide Bishop supervised the restricted, acceptably explicit action.

In his recent years as music director of the Baltimore Symphony, and now in Denver, Brian Priestman's early reputation as a classicist among lesser-known British conductors has altered more to that of a generalist. In his recent return to Caramoor, he ventured as far from Handel and Bach as the opportunities afforded in a program billed as "Vienna Waltzes and Other Pleasures."

This permitted a range from Ludwig van Beethoven's *Wellington's Victory* (a bit of musical opportunism for which the great man should not be remembered) to an excerpt from Richard Strauss's *Die Aegyptische Helena,* among a miscellany of more familiar polkas, polaccas, and pizzicati. Priestman accounted for all this in a musically generalized way—around the target, rather than squarely on it—in which he appeared to derive more pleasure than the audience did from the offstage volleying of timpani (in lieu of cannon) in Beethoven's aesthetic potboiler.

As soloist in a vocal version of Josef Strauss's *Sphärenklänge* waltzes, Mary Costa performed with a good deal of finesse, as she also did in a sequence of Lehár for which she is well-known. Miss Costa also showed an unsuspected aptitude for the high-lying, arching vocal line of "Zweite Brautnacht," from *Die Aegyptische Helena,* giving admirable definition to one of those eruptive moments in later Richard Strauss that recalls his mastery at its fullest.

The youngest and to some extent the least typical of this group of conductors is Eduardo Mata of Mexico, who has been chosen, with a year still to go on his commitment to the Phoenix, Arizona, orchestra, to restore the Dallas Symphony to the esteem it enjoyed under the direction of Antal Dorati, Walter Hendl, and Paul Kletzki. Mata's choice of works—Mozart, Haydn, Hummel—for the opening of the annual "Mostly Mozart" sequence in Avery Fisher Hall was not the sort on which a major reputation as a symphonic conductor can be built, but it demonstrated one vital element in Mata's musical makeup: a strong sense of the picture and the frame.

The opening set of German dances, drawn from Mozart's Köchel listings Nos. 600, 602, and 605, were gracefully casual, unhurried, and rhythmically vigorous; and the concluding C-major ("Military") symphony of Haydn was well displayed within the acoustical surroundings, yet not without drama where it was appropriate. Gerard Schwarz, first trumpet of the New York Philharmonic, had a great success in J. N. Hummel's flashy E-flat concerto, Joseph Kalichstein a much more modest one with Mozart's masterly B-flat piano concerto (K. 595).

Is there a moral buried within this inversion of values? My answer to the self-posed question is that either the audience had the names of the composers confused, or its response had something to do with the relative suitability of each solo performer to what he was performing. ◉

CAMBRIDGE BEACHES

(The Original Cottage Colony)

IS BERMUDA

See Your Travel Agent or
Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
1270 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 757-2444

KING KAROL'S NEW EVERYDAY
LOW PRICE POLICY!
ON EVERYTHING . . . ALL LABELS!
SUPER-FAST MAIL ORDER SERVICE

MFG. SUGG. LIST	RECORDS	OUR PRICE
~~3.98~~		2.79
~~4.98~~		3.79
~~5.98~~		4.19
~~6.98~~		4.49
~~7.98~~		5.69
	TAPES	
~~6.98~~		4.99
~~7.98~~		5.99
~~8.98~~		6.99

Mail Orders to—Dept. SR
KING KAROL RECORDS
P.O. Box 629,
Times Sq. Station,
New York 10036
Add 60¢ for 1st item & 35¢ for each additional item.
New York State Residents add applicable sales tax.
Send $1 for complete catalog

"An amazing novel... this story was so real, I felt that I was looking at it rather than reading about it."
—ANN BEATTIE

Blood Tie
By MARY LEE SETTLE
Author of O Beulah Land, Know Nothing, Fight Night on a Sweet Saturday

$10.95, now at your bookstore
Houghton Mifflin Company

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dance

Balletic Ramrod from Missoula

Forest Meadows Festival— Musical and dramatic verity in potent union.

by Walter Terry

San Francisco

MICHAEL SMUIN was too short. Too short, that is, to partner a ballerina elevated by five inches on *pointes* in classical roles. Since he was too short, he had to settle for being brilliant. And brilliant he was with the American Ballet Theatre in the title role of *Billy the Kid*; in Jerome Robbins's *Fancy Free*; soaring through *La Fille Mal Gardée*; and as the grounded, hobbling, and delightful old Dr. Coppelius in *Coppélia*. Today, his dancing shoes retired, Michael Smuin is brilliant in a new role: director of America's oldest ballet company, the San Francisco Ballet. Although he shares the post with Lew Christensen (approaching seventy), who became director in 1951, it is Smuin who shoulders most of the burdens and who is responsible for giving the San Francisco Ballet unprecedented success.

Smuin has been able to fill the Opera House, the troupe's home, to more than 90 percent capacity—quite a jump from the company's previous draw of 41 percent. Attracted by the company's first summer season in San Francisco (the troupe usually tours during summer months), audiences filled from 70 to 80 and then 90 percent of the Geary Theatre. For three weeks, those audiences—mostly tourists—applauded, cheered, and even stood in tribute to a repertory of ballets ranging in music from Haydn to Mahler to Gershwin and choreographed mainly by San Francisco talents, Smuin among them.

Pre-Smuin, the San Francisco Ballet had fallen on bad times. Following successful tours of the Orient (1957), South America (1958), and the Middle East (1959), all under the auspices of the State Department, its creative and performing vigor began to fade. An engagement at the New York State Theater was artistically disastrous, and in 1975 the company faced bankruptcy. Only the efforts of the dancers themselves saved the day, for they took to the streets and danced. Contributions came, large and small (even children's weekly allowances), and this historic American ballet company, founded by Adolph Bolm in 1933, continued by Willam Christensen and subsequently by his brother Lew, was saved.

I asked Michael Smuin just what he thought he had brought to the San Francisco Ballet that had before been lacking. Cautiously he said, "I adhere to an extension of the philosophy established by Bolm and the Christensens. The company is based on classical technique but has a repertory rooted mainly in works by resident choreographers who are intimately associated with us. We've got six resident choreographers right now. What other American company can match that?"

I pressed him further: What has he, personally, brought to the San Francisco Ballet? He answered, "As my grandfather says, 'There has to be a ramrod.' I'm that ramrod. Whether my leadership is inspirational remains to be seen. If it is, then it will be lasting."

The balletic ramrod from Missoula, Montana, brings not only force and drive to the San Francisco Ballet but also talent and wide theatrical experience. His years as a remarkably versatile dancer in the most diversified ballet repertory of the world, that of the American Ballet Theatre, show not only in his own highly effective choreography but also in his selection and commissioning of repertory. Before his days with ABT, but after studies with Willam Christensen in Salt Lake City and a stretch as principal dancer with Lew Christensen's San Francisco Ballet in the early 1960s, Smuin and his wife, Paula Tracy, billed as "Michael and Paula," set out as a ballet-oriented exhibition ballroom dance team. They danced in acts with Maurice Chevalier, Louis Armstrong, Peggy Lee, Lena Horne, Woody Allen, and other stars. Today, Smuin brings to ballet that well-mastered sense of instant theatricality. "In the clubs you had to grab 'em in the first five seconds. In ballet, it's a little longer—thirty seconds."

The program I attended at the Geary

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possessed the accumulated Smuin know-how. It was fast-paced, varied, something for everyone. His "Songs of Mahler" (eight selections from "Youth's Magic Horn" and "Songs of a Wayfarer") was spiced with lifts, slides, and swift body manipulations perhaps derived from the "Michael and Paula" days. The production was also laced with that fetching combination of lightness and speed so typical of Smuin (in ballets such as his brisk and funny *Pulcinella Variations* for ABT). His own lusty and lively humor along with his incredible vitality have already penetrated the company. The dancers are adept at the romantic line as well—essential to many sections of the Mahler. In Robert Gladstein's new *Gershwin* (set to Robert Russell Bennett's suite to themes from *Porgy and Bess*), they show their skill and virtuosity at balletic jazz.

Beethoven Quartets, a new ballet by resident John McFall, opened the program. I found it girlish both in costuming (frills and flounces) and in choreography (too many female-style movements such as splits and over-lyrical arabesques); but it was, nevertheless, beautifully danced. In general form, it was second-rate (no, make it third) Balanchine, in the style of the master's choreographic visualization of great music. In Lew Christensen's *Il Distratto* (Haydn), a very funny piece, there were spoofs of Balanchine in satiric tidbits from *Four Temperaments*, *Serenade*, and *Concerto Barocco*; the piece also included a sort of dismembering of the dancer's body, starting with moving hands, then moving arms, and, at the close, dancing legs without torsos, and torsos without legs (done by means of those phosphorescent tricks once beloved in vaudeville numbers).

The program was indicative of one of the most admirable of Smuin's characteristics: that of a most successful crusader for ballet. He helps the average theatergoer to discover that ballet, even to the music of Mahler, is not beyond comprehension. Behind the scenes he has enlisted the aid of a new and lively board of directors; as a result, bankruptcy or cessation of activities no longer stares the company in the face. A three-million-dollar-a-year budget is no problem now. But the arts must disturb, arouse, demand, as well as amuse. Thus, Smuin's next ballet will be a multimedia dance-and-film biography in vignettes (of reality and fantasy), telling the tragedy of Richard Oakes, a present-day American Indian trapped between an alien modernity and an ancient heritage.

Bob McLeod

Paula Tracy in performance—"That sense of instant theatricality."

Smuin told me that one of his board members, awed by the demands the job puts on Smuin—he choreographs; directs; coaches; rehearses; collaborates with musicians, designers, librettists, teachers; formulates policy; prepares repertory; tours; raises funds—said to him, "You must have a huge expense account for tranquilizers!" As Michael told me this, crossing the foyer of the San Francisco Ballet School, he added, "I never touch the stuff." So saying, he did a double *tour en l'air*. His company is right up there with him.

San Rafael

Each summer in a small outdoor theater on the lovely old campus of Dominican College, the Forest Meadows Center of the Arts, a school devoted to music and dance, performs eight concerts. This year, Ned Rorem, 1976 Pulitzer Prize winner for composition, was composer-in-residence, and Stuart Sebastian, young choreographer for the Metropolitan Opera, the Pittsburgh Ballet, Joffrey II, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, and other companies, was choreographer-in-residence. Their collaboration resulted in a ballet that highlighted the festival: *Competitions*.

To the score "Eleven Studies for Eleven Players," Sebastian choreographed a series of vignettes about human competitive responses. Among the studies, he included Contrariness, Restraint, Scuffle, Skirmish, Resistance, and, of course, Contest. The result is brilliant. His theme-and-variations structure in Contest is not only dramatically successful but also reveals once again the musicality characteristic of earlier pieces by the twenty-seven-year-old choreographer. Composer Rorem himself was impressed, and a musician in the audience was overheard to say, "I'll never again hear this music without seeing it, too."

In addition to the musicality of form, phrasing, and response, the piece had an intensely dramatic element that reminded me of O. Henry's short stories: although the ending to each is a surprise, when you know the conclusion you are apt to remark, "But of course. It couldn't have been any other way."

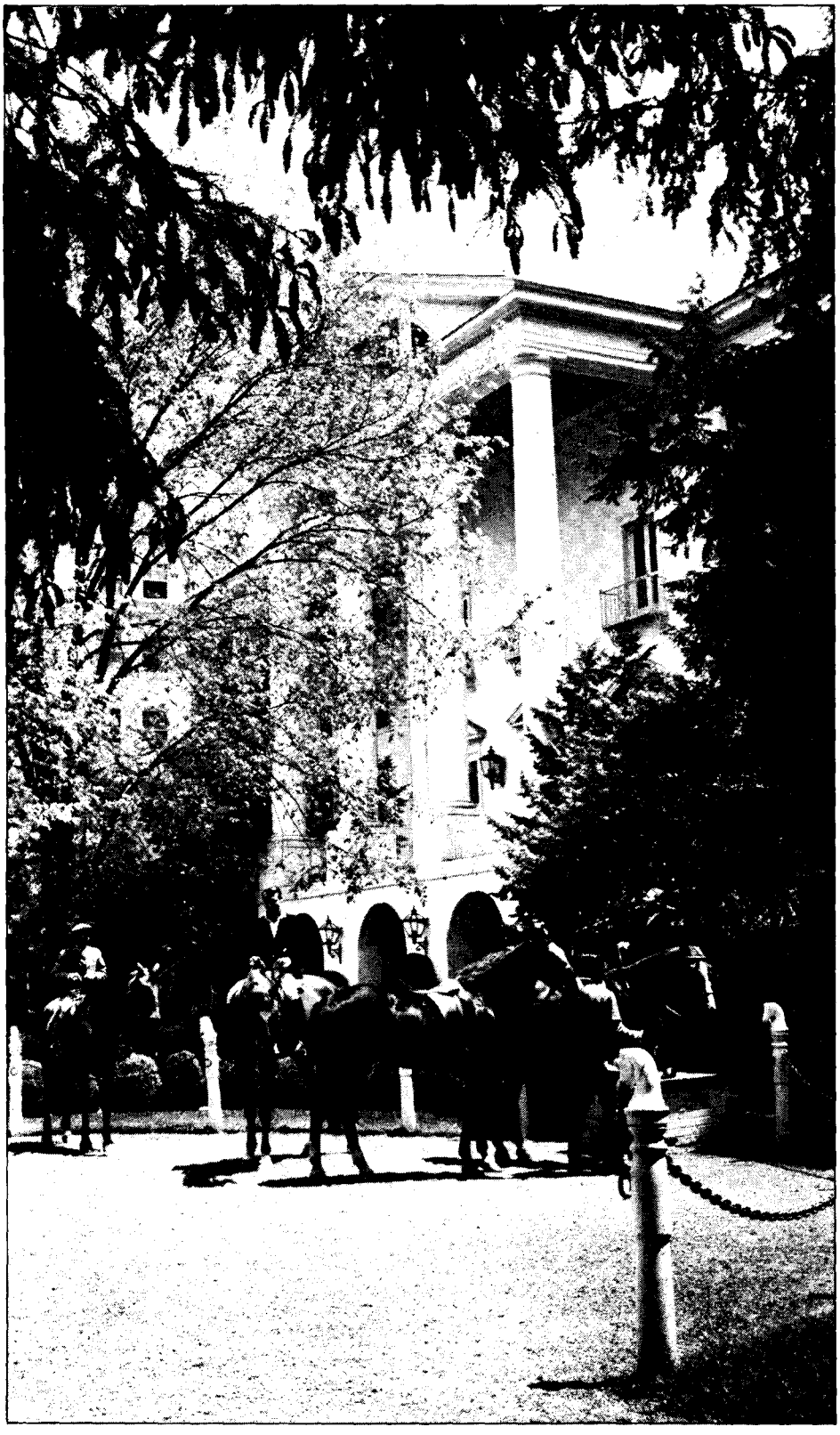
Competitions was danced by members of the Marin Civic Ballet, whose newly appointed director, Maria Vegh, functioned as director of Forest Meadows Center's dance division this year. Some of her dancers are only thirteen years old, and all of them are amateurs, yet their modest performing skills, challenged by a world premiere, rose to the occasion—as did the audience, with extended applause and bravos. Norbert Vesak, director of ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House and choreographer of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, directed the festival. He was represented in the program by his exact and loving staging of Fokine's *Carnaval*.

But the finale of the festival was *Competitions*, which displayed both musical and dramatic verity in potent union. It alone would indicate that the Forest Meadows Center of the Arts, young as it is, may indeed compete fearlessly with other performing arts centers in America's West. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

Rooms with a View



The Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs —"'Health was the excuse to go, marriage was the reason.'"

by Horace Sutton

All last summer, while numbers of citizens were in part-time residence at resort hotels, New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum, which occupies Andrew Carnegie's massive retreat on upper Fifth Avenue, staged an exhibition that it called "Palaces for the People." The show, put together by Richard Oliver, the curator of architecture and design, was in fact a display of modes of resort and hotel architecture. As the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design, Cooper-Hewitt intended the exhibition to serve as a retrospective of techniques and, as well, as a social history of hotel and resort life in America.

It also served, though that was not its intention, to awaken me to the startling changes evident in the new hotels that will be opening this fall and that Cooper-Hewitt's show nudged me to review.

Any assessment of current hotel style—pools, saunas, and massage rooms have become staples in the art of innkeeping—could only be enriched by Mr. Oliver's preamble, which underscored the historical linkage between health and travel. The early society in Egypt encouraged the treatment of assorted diseases by drinking water and by bathing in it. "Drinking and dunking" was the way I recall Oliver putting it. Similar panaceas were tried in China and in India. Herod sought cures in the Dead Sea, and Caesar took the waters at Vichy. (How curious that in this period of advanced medical techniques, the current chic imbibation is the Perrier water that flows from a source at Nîmes, in the heart of Roman France.)

The early American hotels were built in places where the weather was thought to be salubrious, or else at locations handy to the tonic waters. The Americans, having taken the baths in Europe, sought out the natural springs in the New World.

John Adams was an early client at White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia, where the Greenbrier was to be built. Newport, Cape May, Long Branch, Lake Mohonk, Lake Minnewaska, and Saratoga Springs all sprouted big summer hotels and emerged as favored retreats. Some stern critics questioned the true motivation of young America's relentless seasonal parade to the giant hotels. One commentary called the resorts "monstrous

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places of gorgeous sloth and immoral ease," adding that "health was the excuse to go, but marriage was the reason."

Atlantic City, which seems about to be born again (having been saved from oblivion by the relaxation of gambling laws), emerged from the sea like Venus on the half shell in July of 1854. It was that summer that the Camden and Atlantic Railroad began service from Philadelphia. Before a century had passed, it had reached the apogee of its popularity. An observer in the pre-Depression year of 1928 noted, "To watch the crowd on parade is to get a new concept of the leisure and wealth and craze for diversion that characterizes twentieth-century America."

By no means was the craze, as it was termed, confined to the East. The Hotel del Coronado at Coronado, California, adjacent to San Diego, opened in 1888, a mammoth wooden structure of great celebrity. When it was unveiled it had 399 rooms—each with a fireplace and a wall safe—as well as 73 baths. It also had a siding for patrons who arrived in their own railroad cars.

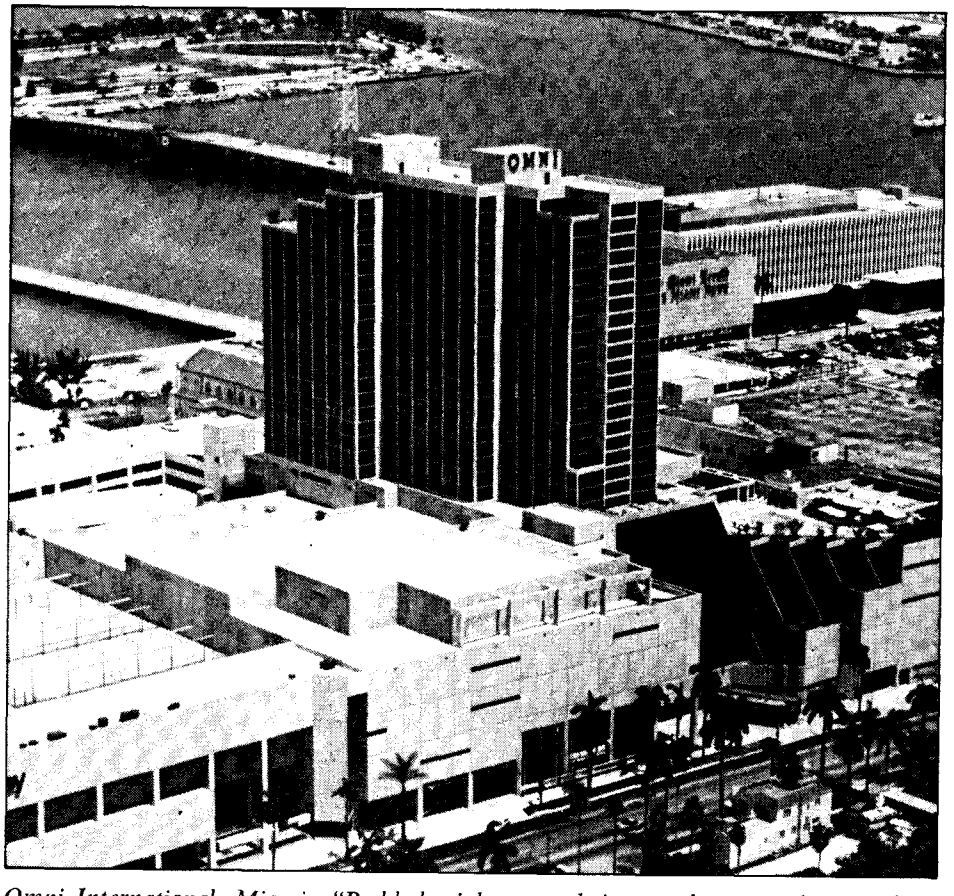
Glacier Park Lodge, in the distant reaches of the West, nestling near the Canadian border, was a wonder of 1912–13. It was built of trees 500 to 800 years old, a circumstance that environmentalists might not have permitted today, at least not without a demonstration. It had only 61 guest rooms, but the Indians, in some awe, called it Oom-Coo-Ha-Mush, "big tree lodge."

The rush to Florida turned on the extension of the railroad line. The Tampa Bay Hotel, with its broad verandas, its sweeping public rooms, and its turrets piercing the Florida sky like the castle of a knight-that-never-was, appeared toward the end of the nineteenth century, along with the Ponce de Leon in St. Augustine.

They were outriders of the so-called Miami Beach period, which was to explode in the 1950s, sparked by the "architecture of the gorgeous," created largely by Morris Lapidus. With his associates, Lapidus designed—among other structures—four hotels: the Eden Roc, Americana, Fontainebleau, and Sans Souci. That quartet of hotels, as well as a spate of lesser establishments, was meant to fulfill the fantasies—as Lapidus himself has said—of a generation of people raised in the Depression whose clearest notion of elegance and luxury came from the movies.

Now, nearly 20 years out of the Fifties, a time that was more flaccid than flam-

The atrium at the Hyatt Regency, O'Hare Airport—"A fixture no matter the designer."



Omni International, Miami—"Padded wicker armchairs set the scene for a Sidney Greenstreet potboiler, but the rooms are 'nonaggressive.'"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boyant, except perhaps in its hotel styles, the designers and architects have taken a sharp turn. The new hotels that opened this summer and early fall have a flamboyance of their own. These are no plaster of paris derivations of European palaces; no paste copies of the Winged Victory of Samothrace standing on the premises as at the Eden Roc. Nothing to inspire the visiting mayor of Fontainebleau, France, who when asked about the decor of the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach exclaimed, "Bouillabaisse!"

The Omni International, a $76 million extravaganza that has opened in Miami (but not on the beach), has 556 guest rooms and some 600 baths. As with the Omni in Atlanta, which embraces—aside from the handsome hotel—movie theaters, shops, and a skating rink, the Miami Omni has two major department stores, six movie theaters, and an assortment of European shops bearing such familiar names as Lanvin, Hermès, and Bally. They will vie with Jordan Marsh and J. C. Penney, the American entries.

While the Miami Omni has called upon the glass-bubble elevators that slither up the outside of the building—no Atlanta hotel would be without them—the byword in room decor here is *downplay*. Padded wicker armchairs, two in each room, set the scene for a Sidney Greenstreet tropical potboiler, but the rooms are what Robert A. W. Jones, Jr., the designer, calls "nonaggressive." Baths are done in gray tile with white fixtures. Says Jones, "Who needs a bath of purple tile and pink walls at seven o'clock in the morning?"

Atriums, which made a splash in the Hyatt Regency, which John Portman designed for Atlanta, have become a fixture in the Hyatt chain and at other hotels, no matter the designer. Miami Omni has one 10 stories high, dripping, as is the custom, with tropical plants. The New Orleans Hilton, unveiled on the Mississippi at summer's end, has a nine-story atrium lobby. Winston's Restaurant and the English Bar are laid out on the second level of the atrium, and some of the hotel's 1,200 rooms will look into it.

As a commercial hotel, the New Orleans Hilton has been planted in a vital location: across the street from Rivergate Convention Center, a few blocks from the French Quarter, and facing the docks from which the cruise ships leave for Gulf and Caribbean cruises. It has sounded its cymbals over its ballroom, which it calls the largest unobstructed hotel arena in the Deep South. Moreover, it also has its own convention and exhibit facilities. Like it or not, New Orleans, once a living museum, is becoming a prime convention city.

A visitor may find lodging, small and quaint, in the Quarter, but the Hilton is big and brawny—parking for 2,500 cars, a health club and jogging track, a private tennis club with 14 courts, and its own separate tower hotel that will function as a high-styled individual adjunct in the fashion of the Waldorf Towers in New York.

Is little New Orleans overbuilt? Perhaps not. By early summer the Hilton had already booked one million room-nights, and the dates for Super Bowl XII, next January, were sold out.

Atriums and what the management calls encapsulated elevators have come to St. Louis, too, in the new 615-room Sheraton. Not only does it have an atrium lobby, that singular mark of hotel design of the Seventies, but it is to be connected to the new St. Louis Gateway Convention and Exhibition Center by a skywalk. As is the vogue in hotels of this generation, the St. Louis Sheraton opens on a shopping mall.

Mexico City's El Presidente Chapultepec, the first luxury hotel built in the capital since the Olympics of 1968, has an atrium, but it isn't calling it that. It is officially a five-story Aztec pyramid that tapers to a skylit ceiling. It is festooned with foliage and decorated with trees and archaeological artifacts. More than that, it is being billed not as a lobby, but as an experience. It was—so far, anyway—the only hotel lobby with resident organ grinders, strolling balloon vendors, and atrium "street vendors," hustled indoors and dressed up. At the cocktail hour, mariachis shake the glass panels, as do the cowboys from Nuevo León and the bamba dancers from Veracruz.

Anybody who gets out of the lobby may stumble upon a local branch of Maxim's, the Paris establishment that the French government has ordained as a national treasure, its decor resting in the trusted hands of experts from the Louvre. The Chapultepec version will adapt red carpeting, brass fixtures, and, of course, the cuisine from the original.

In far-off Budapest, a Hilton has emerged on Castle Hill. No atriums here, and no sliding glass elevators, either. In the European mode, the construction follows tradition. The structure incorporates a restored monastery and church tower that go back to the thirteenth century. Coronation Church, a similar holdover from the thirteenth century, is across the street. The Hilton's 323 rooms are in the twentieth-century style, and since groups meet in Budapest, too, there is convention space for 900. No mariachis to break the sound barrier here. More likely, tea-time will be accompanied by Lehár.

Aside from all these examples of modern hotel design of the late 1970s, there are a number of major make-overs of seasoned hotels of bygone eras. The Sheraton-Carlton Hotel in Washington has been undergoing a thorough renovation. Explicit care is being taken to preserve—or, rather, restore—the traditional style the Carlton sported when it was opened by President Coolidge 51 years ago. Since that time it has housed Cordell Hull, Dean Acheson, Dwight Eisenhower, and hundreds of assorted luminaries. Katharine Hepburn stays here when appearing in Washington. John L. Lewis used to hold his state lunches here. Bernard Baruch once sent one of the hotel's bellmen on an errand to deliver a package—to New York.

Sheraton is also doing over the famed King Cole Grill of its St. Regis Hotel in New York. The hotel, built by Colonel John Jacob Astor at a cost of $5.5 million, opened in 1904. A new wing was added in 1927, and in 1942 its lobby became the Iridium Room. It had an ice skating platform that could be rolled back to allow dancing. Five years later the Iridium Room became the King Cole Grill.

In the current revivification, the Maxfield Parrish murals will be retained—fret not!—and the art deco ceiling, of 1927 vintage, is being spruced up. Revived as well will be dinner dancing, a custom of the 1930s and 1940s. Perhaps wing collars with dinner jackets will make it back, too.

The (male) faithful who patronized the Men's Bar of New York's Biltmore and who have been homeless or on the wagon since that paneled den closed, will be pleased to know that the premises will be reopened shortly. No false hopes, now. It will never be a men's bar again. And never again—at least in our time—will women who stumbled through its doors be whistled and hooted at until they leave. All that went out with the advance of the forces of female liberation. The men's bar sign was hauled down and women were invited. No whistles. The trouble was, after that, no one wanted to go, men *or* women. The place is to be a café now, its tables set up with views of Madison Avenue so diners can watch the natty admen go by. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light Refractions

I Hear You, I Hear You

by Thomas H. Middleton

For most of my life, "I hear you, I hear you" has been a gentle way of saying, "Lower your voice." Lately, it has taken on a new meaning.

Where I—and, I hope, you—still say, "I see, I see," to mean "I understand," speakers of the New Jargon say, "I hear you, I hear you." You might not be familiar with the term, but it's gaining on us, I think. I first heard it on the radio. There's a talk show here in Los Angeles whose host is a fellow named Bill Ballance. I listen to him from time to time in order to marvel at his extraordinary glibness. A committed logophile—or perhaps a logophile who should be committed—Ballance extemporizes dazzling displays of verbal pyrotechnics, pinning four or five polysyllabic adjectives to as many of his nouns as possible. The results are occasionally pithy, frequently meaningless, but almost always interesting. I'd like to give a few samples, but his output is of a singularly ephemeral nature, and I could no more recall a Ballance euphuism in full flower than I could recapitulate Jerome Robbins's choreography or a Fourth of July skyrocket display.

Once in a while, Ballance has as his guest one of several psychologists or psychiatrists, and it is they who first brought *I hear you, I hear you* to my attention. That is undoubtedly why it's my impression that *I hear you, I hear you* comes to us from the field of psychology. Psychology is one of the "soft sciences" whose practitioners like to invent new, and supposedly more precise, terminology to replace our older, more sloppy ways of speaking.

My introduction to *I hear you, I hear you* went something like this: A woman telephoned the Bill Ballance show to speak to the visiting psychologist and said, "I'm Cynthia. My problem is my husband, Kenny. He gets so jealous. Every time we go out, if I'm just talking to another man, he really starts steaming."

"I hear you."

"I don't think it's right. I can't even talk to any other men. I mean, I'd never play around and I know he wouldn't either, but it's like he doesn't trust me."

"I hear you, I hear you, Cynthia, and what I'm hearing is that Kenny is overly possessive. I'm hearing that you have a loving relationship. You say that you're sure Kenny is faithful to you and that you're faithful to Kenny. But I'm hearing that Kenny is perhaps not as secure in your loving relationship as you think he should be . . . ," and so on.

Frankly, *I hear you, I hear you* makes my flesh crawl. My first, and least strenuous, objection to it is that, as I've heard it used, what inevitably follows *I hear you, I hear you* is *What I'm hearing is* . . . and then a recapitulation not of what was heard but of what was inferred. The delivery of *What I'm hearing is* always bears implications that this sort of insight is limited to someone with a supersensitive set of antennae, whereas the fact is that anyone brighter than a softball could hardly miss the point.

My major objection to the phrase, though, is that it sounds to me like another member of that vast army of unnecessary and graceless neologisms that are being grafted onto the language these days.

Perhaps if my consciousness had been sufficiently raised, I'd feel more comfortable with *I hear you, I hear you.* It seems to me that the more time a person has spent raising his consciousness, the more willing he is to accept linguistic capriciousness. My consciousness is so abysmally low that the very phrase *consciousness-raising* makes me growl, and I find myself more and more frequently recalling James Thurber's *Let Your Mind Alone*, a collection of pieces that he wrote during the Great Depression in response to what was the 1930s equivalent of consciousness-raising.

There's a certain circularity here. If my consciousness were raised a lot higher, I could more readily accept *I hear you, I hear you* and the other New Jargon. (A New Jargonist wouldn't say "more readily accept"; he'd say "be more readily accepting of." I don't know why.) But one of the reasons I haven't gone in for consciousness-raising is that I know the process would involve me with a lot of people who say things like "I hear you, I hear you."

So I'll continue in my old, stodgy, unaccepting ways, and when people say, "I hear you, I hear you" to me, I'll lower my voice, and maybe I'll quietly leave the room. ◉

"Be careful, son. . . . It's like a city out there."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

Whatever Became of "Mixed Company"?

by Goodman Ace

ABOUT five years ago when I joined the lecture circuit, the elderly gentleman in charge of the bureau said, "Since almost all your audiences will be mixed company, we have one strict rule for all our speakers. Never say anything, or tell any story, that is off-color." But he didn't say off which color. So I shied away from every color in the rainbow. Plus mauve, puce, and chartreuse. "Just keep it clean and gay," he cautioned. And for the first two years I kept it clean and gay. Diligently I kept it clean and gay—so help me, Anita Bryant.

It was not difficult for me because in the early Thirties and the Forties I had been chained to a typewriter for 15 years, grinding out a script a day for a radio program for which the rule was even stricter. The two most violent expletives that could be used in those days were "darn" and "heck." As in "Oh, darn it" or "To heck with it." I abided by the rule so closely that on one radio program my wife, Jane, was heard to say she would like to visit Boulder Darn.

(Parenthetically, this rule did not apply to the evangelists on the Chautauqua circuit who preached that if you strayed from the straight and narrow, you would suffer eternal damnation in hell. Suffering eternal darnation in heck would have lost something in the translation.)

Perhaps at this point, for the benefit of those who have only recently come upon the scene, I should explain that mixed company, once upon a more gentle time, referred to a gathering of ladies and gentlemen, now known as women and men, assembled, let us say, at a private dinner party. When the meal was finished, the gentlemen would rise and go into the drawing room to smoke their cigars and exchange ribald stories, leaving the ladies to talk fashions and exchange recipes.

Also I should explain for the benefit of those who haven't watched television since Kukla, Fran, and Ollie, or seen a movie since *Broken Blossoms*, with Donald Crisp and Lillian Gish, *off-color* means a story with a single entendre which—uh, well—which is off-color. Especially movies rated R and X. I came across one such film recently: if the Phoenicians had seen it, they would have invented another letter to follow Y and Z.

But in the mid-Seventies, after speaking to audiences from the podium and talking with them privately off-mike before and after the lectures, I began to wonder about the mixed-company, off-color-stories rules. I got the eerie feeling that in this mixed company, the only one who was mixed was I.

So, you see the trouble I was in? Unbeknownst to me, mixed company had gone the way of the Bible Belt, suspenders, and petticoats. I was not with it; I was not with mixed company. They had been "liberated." It was time, as they say, to restructure. To heck with darn. So on my next lecture, I dipped my toe into the polluted off-color waters with this:

"The Italians are going to put a clock in the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Why are they putting a clock in the Leaning Tower of Pisa? Because the Italians feel, What's the use of having the inclination if you don't have the time?"

They laughed. Thus encouraged, I tried others with the same results. Elegantly and never with unsightly words. Like this next one, a story as old as creation. But its point still persists. Read it at your own risk.

(WARNING: *The surgeon general has determined that reading the following story may be hazardous to your health.*)

When Adam was created he was lonely. So Eve was created. And her Creator said to Adam: "See that girl over there?" It is to Adam's credit that he did not say, "Which girl?" Adam was not one of your wise guys. He said yes, he saw her.

"Go over and give her a hug," he was commanded.

"What's a hug?" Adam asked. He was told to put his arms around her and hold her close. Adam went over and hugged Eve. When he returned he was told to go over and give Eve a kiss.

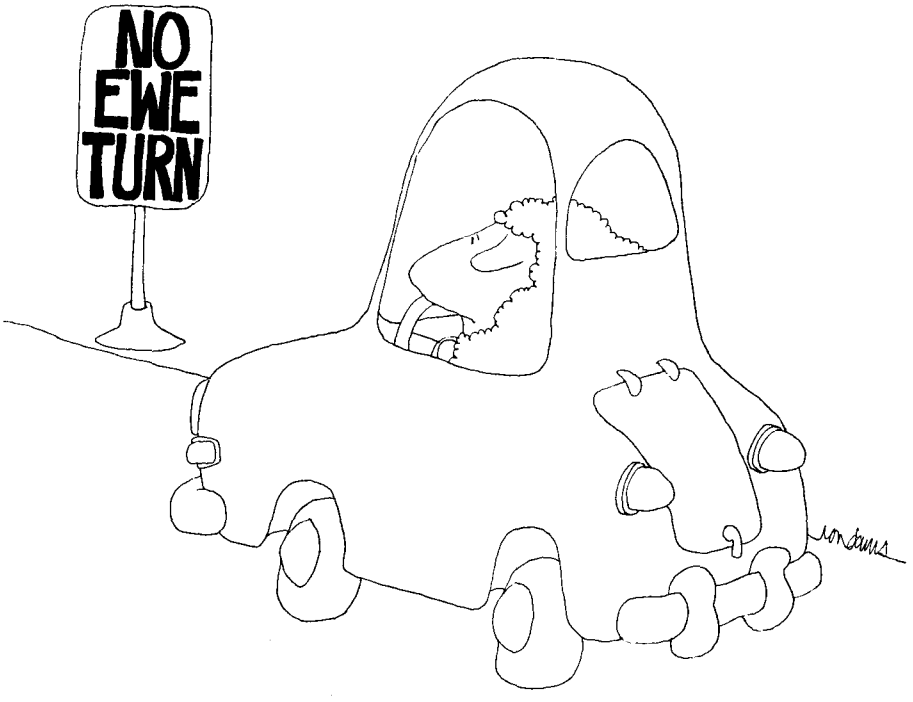
"What's a kiss?" asked Adam. He was told to place his lips against her lips. He went over and gave Eve a kiss. When he returned he was told to go over and make love to Eve.

"What's make love?" he asked. The intricacies of that maneuver were explained and he went over, but came back quickly.

"What happened?" he was asked.

"What's a headache?" asked Adam.

Take a guess who among that mixed company laughed loudest. ◉



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the Soviet Union, I congratulated our hosts on their decision to enter the world literary marketplace on commercial terms.

In response to Ambassador Fedorenko's emphasis on the American literary deficit, I pointed out that this situation was far more general than it was particular. Whenever I have met critics from other countries—whether from Brazil or Italy or Ethiopia or Indonesia or India or Pakistan or Japan or the Philippines or even from Canada—the same question has been posed: "Why is it we know so much about you and you know so little about us? We publish so many of your books. Why don't you publish more of ours?"

Actually, the total number of books by foreign writers published in America is far higher than generally realized. American publishers are scanning the world literary horizons for more works that might find an audience in the United States. Considering the number of cultures and languages that have to be surveyed for this purpose, as well as the finite nature of each publisher's capacity, the surprise is not that they publish so little from any one country but that they publish so much from most. In any event, American readers as a whole have a lot of catching up to do in their knowledge of contemporary world literature.

A specific proposal in this connection was made by Vera Dunham, one of America's most knowledgeable critics and teachers of Russian literature. She urged the creation of a joint committee that would select and arrange for the translation and publication of Soviet literature in the United States and American literature in the Soviet Union. Ten books from each culture might be an initial goal. She emphasized that this publication program should be over and above the work now going on. She suggested that Russian children's books might be especially appealing to an American audience. She also thought that a humorous volume could be published on the absurdities of bureaucracy in both countries. She felt there ought to be joint seminars on problems of translation.

Professor Dunham's presentation sparked other suggestions during the course of the conference. A striking proposal came from Andrei Voznesensky, widely regarded as one of the two or three most talented living Soviet poets. Mr. Voznesensky, who follows American writing very closely, urged that both sides establish a magazine that would be devoted to a critical examination of American and Soviet literature. It should be bilingual and include creative writing. He advocated the creation of a joint editorial board, believing it quite feasible for some parts of the enterprise to be carried on through correspondence. This proposal received vigorous support from both Americans and Russians.

What were some of the other major areas of discussion? On the Soviet side, the prevalence of pornography in the United States. On the American side, the problem of the dissident writer.

At least a half-dozen Soviet writers said they were disturbed and mystified by the pornography epidemic in America. They were referring not just to magazines and films but to serious writing. They found some of the language as unnecessary as it was offensive. They felt that some American writers think it is somehow stylish to be clinical or overexplicit in the treatment of sex—succeeding only in pandering to the least dignified and most insensitive qualities of life.

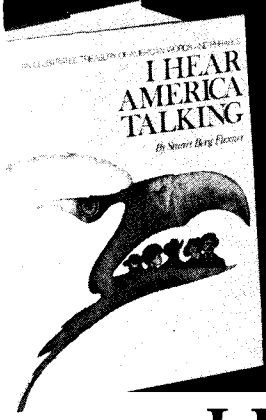
Henry Borovik, Soviet author and correspondent, said he understood that 300,000 children had been exploited for sexual entertainment purposes in the United States. He and his family had just returned from the United States and he was most disturbed by the seemingly casual acceptance of pornography wherever he went in America. He was troubled, too, by the apparent eagerness of the TV networks to produce programs in which people were beaten and cut up for no apparent reason. He said, moreover, that he didn't particularly appreciate having his son look at supposedly innocuous animated cartoons in which the bad guys spoke with a heavy Russian accent. He had the impression that this tendency to identify villains as Russians also carried over into adult dramatizations.

On the American side, William Styron said he would yield to no one in his distaste for the abuses on TV, and that he had no intention of defending television in general or any of its outrages in particular. He gloomily foresaw its curse spreading ever wider, throughout the world, with few people exempted.

Mr. Styron felt television was doing more than any other single force to destroy the capacity of young people to become adults. But he didn't want the Russian writers to believe that these abuses are going uncontested in the United States. As for stereotyping entire cultures, whether on television or in any other medium, he felt that this practice unfortunately exists in various societies and not just in the United States.

Continued on page 58

"LAVISH... FULL OF FASCINATING STUFF." —Saturday Review



"A MASTERPIECE OF CULTURAL HISTORY." —New York Times

Now in its 3rd printing

I HEAR AMERICA TALKING

An Illustrated Treasury of American Words and Phrases

by STUART BERG FLEXNER

History that made words. Words that made history. A book that's witty and colorful, scholarly and nostalgic all in one. And, in one very distinctly American word, a lollapalooza!

☐ 517 pages ☐ over 500 illustrations ☐ large 8½ x 11 format ☐ $18.95 at booksellers

VNR VAN NOSTRAND REINHOLD
450 W. 33rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10001

OPEN YOUR EYES before you begin any human relationship

...through the ancient science of handwriting analysis! We show you how one simple handwritten sentence can reveal ALL to you...clue you in, in advance to hidden emotions, drives, hates, loves- of friends, business associates, lovers, relatives, employees. Time-proven audio/visual method gives you handwriting analysis skills of an expert, quickly, easily, at home. Valuable in counseling, investigations- fun & profitable too for shows, demonstrations, parties. FREE booklet, "Handwriting Is Brainwriting" & free facts. Write: Institute of Graphology, P.O. Box 77-IOG, 864 N. Main, Orange, CA 92668.

create your own stationery

Do it at home. Letter Maker Kit with actual samples helps you design your personalized letters and envelopes. We supply fine paper and printing at reasonable cost. Send $1.00 (refundable) for kit.

MARCHELE CO. Dept. N, 720 Ft. Washington Ave. New York, N.Y. 10040

Pain

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

J. BLAIR PACE M.D.

An M.D. discusses pain, what causes it, and some of the ways to relieve it.

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

nh NELSON-HALL $9.95

325 W. JACKSON BLVD. • CHICAGO • 60606

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leo Gruliow, who has lived and worked as a war-relief administrator and as a correspondent in the Soviet Union for almost three decades, cited recent Soviet posters involving propaganda stereotypes of the United States. His purpose, he said, was not to offset Mr. Borovik's criticism of ugly Russian stereotypes on American TV but to underline the point made by Mr. Styron concerning the international nature of such inanities. In any event, he said, all the writers around the table should have no difficulty in recognizing the harm, from whatever quarter.

With respect to the recurrent references to offensive treatment of sex, I said I hoped our Soviet friends did not think we had come to Moscow for the purpose of defending pornography in the United States or anywhere else. Proportion and perspective were necessary. Pornography, I said, is being hotly debated in the United States. The reason for the debate is not that some people think pornography is desirable, but that most people don't want to create an even greater danger: they don't want government to get into the habit of telling people what to do in their private lives or telling authors what they ought to write about. Even the U.S. Supreme Court recognized that it is difficult to make precise definitions that the law officers can enforce.

I MUST not make it appear that a large part of the discussion was in the nature of exchanges of questions involving controversial issues. A substantial portion of the conference was given to purely literary matters. One of the highlights of the conference, for example, was an informal paper given by Elizabeth Hardwick on trends in the modern novel.

Miss Hardwick spoke about the break from traditional forms, in which chronology, narrative flow, and sequential structure are characteristic elements. In the new trend, not unrelated to life itself, the artist deals with life's discontinuities and disparities. Storytelling is not rejected, but neither is it sovereign. The writer uses fragments artistically, while not allowing a book to become a random assortment.

Miss Hardwick's presentation was of strong interest to the Russian writers, whose books are still very much in the classical tradition. Their questions to Miss Hardwick obviously reflected a genuine desire to understand the nature of the changes being reflected in the modern American novel. Valentin Katayev, who belongs to the older generation of Russian writers and whose books are profoundly classical in theme and treatment, expressed his gratitude to Miss Hardwick for making clear the reasons for the new trend as well as its literary significance.

Edward Albee expressed his concern about the "semantic collapse" in the communications between the two societies. He was referring not so much to what was being said at the conference but to the way each culture tends to look at its books and its works of art.

The central question, Edward Albee said, is not how much is published, but what is published, and also whether what is published is genuinely understood. Here he spoke of the need to create a frame of reference for cultural understanding. Unless a book is understood within its own frame of reference, he said, it cannot be understood at all. What separates humans from the lower orders is that they are capable of metaphor; in short, humans are capable of art.

Mr. Albee suggested that the creative artist has a responsibility not just to society but to himself. The writer exists both within that society and outside it—and even above it, if need be. This multiple perspective gives writers their special identity. They have something of value to offer. They have something to teach us. But Edward Albee was troubled because certain writers who have something of value to offer were not at the meeting. It is not surprising, he said, that the dissidents should be the center of such interest and speculation in the United States. Our historical frame of reference tells us that the questioning and probing writer is essential to the well-being of a society and should be encouraged. No literature can be adequately understood without trying to understand everything that goes into it.

Ambassador Fedorenko commented that literature lives within certain limitations. Yet such limitations do not mean that Soviet writers are not fully able to exercise their talents. They do a good job. They recognize the need for a frame of reference. They want to write in context. They want to know as much as they can about the world that produced them. They want to understand their experiences, subjectively and objectively.

As for the dissident writers, Ambassador Fedorenko said that any great social experiment inevitably produces contrary tendencies. The so-called dissident writers reflect those tendencies. But these writers are not of sufficient importance, he said, to warrant the attention and energy being lavished on them in the United States.

Robert Lowell prefaced his comments on Ambassador Fedorenko's remarks by disqualifying himself as an observer of the Russian literary scene. He would speak therefore about art. He agreed with Auden that it is wrong to expect poetry to make things happen. It is wrong to expect poetry to tame the beast. If poetry is well made, it will bring joy; it will bring refinement to the sensibilities. But it has no duty to do so. It has no obligation to lift people out of their despair. What should we expect of the artist? We have a right to expect from the artist not mere competence but craftsmanship. You have to know something about the world and something about yourself if you want to write.

Then, referring to the Soviet dissident writers, Robert Lowell said they were loved not by the people in politics but by the people in art. There was reason to believe that they had written good books. In using the word *good*, he was not making a polemical appraisal. He didn't believe in polemical evaluations in literature. Was this a difference in viewpoint that made for a gap between American and Soviet writers?

Vasili Aksyonov said he agreed that literature has to be separated from politics. And it was precisely because of this that he wondered why American publishers should show little interest in a book unless its author was in political trouble in his own country. What about the book itself? Does the book have genuine literary merit? Why shouldn't these questions be relevant?

Mr. Aksyonov said he had been criticized inside his own country on occasion. Only then did America pay any attention to his work. He didn't find it credible that the only portions of his work that are worth reading should be those over which there is political argument. He agreed therefore: Take polemics out of literature. In any case, he didn't want to end on a negative note and said he was glad that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writers from both countries could get together. Writers are ahead of events; they can lead the way. In their own problems they can be of help to one another. They can discuss, for example, ways of getting better translations. Too many translations are being done by philologists and not by writers. Poets should translate poets. There are all sorts of things that writers ought to be talking about. Let us begin, he concluded, by respecting one another.

Professor Nathan Scott expressed appreciation for these remarks and for the candor of the discussion in general. He paid tribute to Valentin Katayev, whose presentation he interpreted as an outstretched hand he was glad to accept. He had no feeling of personal defeat or despair about any of the problems and questions raised by the meeting. Because his own perspective had been formed through his experience in teaching American literature, he was especially interested in works by Soviet critics about American writers. He paid tribute to Maurice Mendelson, one of the Russian writers at the conference, for his book on Walt Whitman. He called attention to the value of the massive bibliography now being prepared on American titles that have been published in the Soviet Union. All in all, he had a strong sense of new possibilities in the developing literary relations between the two countries.

The final session of the conference was enlivened by the appearance of Yevgeni Yevtushenko, whose star as a poet rose so brilliantly a decade ago and who became world-famous. He believes in the need for an optimistic outlook by writers, quoting Dostoevski's observation that even a condemned man believes deep down that an endless life stretches in front of him. But optimism has to be rescued from banality; this is where the artist comes in. Without art the word *humankind* has no meaning. The artist need never apologize for putting his entire heart and soul into his work; this is what he is supposed to do. To the extent that he holds back, his work is diminished.

If I understood him correctly, Yevtushenko was calling on writers to see themselves as members of a community free of the clutter of other identities. He recalled Walt Whitman's remark that Americans and Russians, though far apart and different, live in countries similar in diversity of languages and textures, and are therefore destined to come closer together.

The concluding exchanges by the co-chairmen didn't attempt to create a synthetic harmony. There was a manifest balance between the clear desire to come to better terms and an explicit recognition of the unsettled questions. It was natural, I said, that Americans should express not just sympathy but support for writers of any country who are ostracized or penalized because they cannot accept the theology of the state. Ambassador Fedorenko upheld the right of the state to deal with its criminals.

The word *criminal* applied to writers exploded in my mind. I asked what laws were being broken. What about the concept of natural law? What machinery of due process was available?

Ambassador Fedorenko said we shouldn't expect words to have the same effect or to mean the same things to different people. Therefore, we should see whether we could build on those words where understanding is possible.

He was saying, in effect, that there is a difference between concurrence and understanding. It is not necessary to concur in order to understand. Concurrence has connotations of acceptance—which neither side was prepared to give. Understanding is a matter of good faith, not politics.

The one point no one had difficulty in agreeing to was that the dialogue should be continued. We had all learned a great deal and we could all accept an obligation to find better words than were being used by the people who were running the governments and who had access to continent-shattering explosives. Writers are in the business of using words. It is only through the use of words that our societies will be able to create a mutual design for survival.

In leaving Moscow, we also left behind an invitation to the Soviet writers to come to the United States for a return meeting in a few months. Our understanding of one another may not be complete, but we are getting to know one another, and that is all to the good. —N.C.

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 129

(Leon) Jaworski:
The Right and the Power

The media considered the thrust of our brief a major story because it struck at the heart of the White House's national security position.* Our brief held that "not even the highest office in the land" had the authority to break the law in the name of national security.

*changed from *contention* to get the *p*

Classified

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates per contract year (10-word minimum): 1 time $2.10 per word; 6 times $1.95 per word, per insertion; 12 times $1.85 per word, per insertion; 24 times $1.75 per word, per insertion. $2.00 for domestic SR box numbers, in addition to word count. $5.00 for overseas SR box numbers, in addition to word count. Copy deadlines, 6 weeks prior to date of issue. Full payment must accompany your order. Address: Classified Department, Saturday Review Magazine, 1290 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS, New York, N.Y. 10019. *Replies to SR box numbers should be sent to the above address.*

PERSONALS

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS by M. N. Bunker. Famous textbook. Hardbound, 256 pages. Only $1.98, postpaid. Nelson Company, 325 Jackson, Chicago 60606.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Brochure 25¢. SR Box 658.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS with members in 48 states gets the cultured, marriage-oriented acquainted. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc, bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells, Newton, Mass. 02159.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS in depth. $15.00. Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, NYC 10016.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL. Renowned Universities offer fully-accredited Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D.s . . . Free revealing details. Counseling, Box 317-SR-18, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N. Y. 14619.

HARRIS TWEED, SCOTTISH TWEED, WORSTED SUITING, tailored to measure. Workmanship guaranteed, $1.00 for swatches—ALEXANDER GRAHAM, BORVE, LEWIS, SCOTLAND. PA86 ORX.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

MEXICO—DEVALUATION BARGAIN. Ranch hotel in private valley, sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room and meals: $13.00. Brochure from Apdo. 1-1187S, Guadalajara, Mexico.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., NYC, 10021. (212) 628-1666.

LOVINGLY LETTERED. Invitations, thank you's, whatever. Quick! Marion (212) TR 3-0330. Anytime.

U.S. UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA merit degrees. Box 4552-SR, Washington, D.C. 20017.

HOW THE PLANETS AFFECT YOUR LIFE. This informative Booklet Plus Your Natal Reading (Send Birthdate) only $1.00. (Refundable). Mystochart, 20-N Monroe, Rockville, Md. 20850.

STOP SMOKING through psychoanalytic insights and effective substitutes. Booklet $3.00. R. Weiss, 677 Wrightwood, Chicago 60614.

DO US BOTH A FAVOR. Look under classified books for *How to talk About Yourself and Other People and Say What You Mean.* Thanks, Robert Miller.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

COMPUTER ERROR in fixing intensity of printing ink has resulted in a complete run of 18,000 illegible copies of "How to Invest in Stocks". Bids sought. SR Box S.I.

CAROL BROWN has a lovely shop full of real cottons and real Irish woolens. Putney, Vt. 05346. Do come!

EROS—Four volumes perfect. $400 certified check only. SR Box 2253.

RENT-A-POLITICAL LOBBYIST. Got a political problem? Let us solve it. Washington-based consultants. Write LOBBYISTS, 708 Carr Avenue, Rockville, Md. 20850.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

INTENSIVE SPANISH PAINLESSLY? Year-round courses, all levels, at Instituto Allende, Box AA, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. Free prospectus?

EROS—Four volumes excellent. $425 minimum. (704) 852-9441.

OLD RADIO SHOWS—MYSTERIES, DRAMA, COMEDY! On quality cassettes. Free catalogue. ENCORE, P.O. Box 76923, Atlanta, Ga. 30328.

OUR QUERY addressed to the descendents of P. Dalton Cartwright, in connection with his legacy, has produced 19,654 claimants. Since we know there is a maximum of 237 descendents, we hope that our reluctance to reply personally will be understood by all. SR Box F. H.

BAYEUX TAPESTRY: entire story printed in golds, browns, greens, on burlap; 54 x 36 plus plain border four sides: $12.50 ppd. IRISH TWEED CAPES. Carol Brown, Putney, Vt. 05346.

20 DEFINITION CRYPTS: $1, SASE. Thompson, Box 815, Claremore, Okla. 74017.

EVER BEEN OUT OF THIS COUNTRY? I haven't, please help, send $1.00 to SR Box 2254.

THE SCHOOL FOR ENTREPRENEURS.
"Everybody talks about entrepreneurship."
We teach it.
The Tarrytown House Executive Conference Center has expanded the schedule of its celebrated 2-week-end course. Write for brochure: Tarrytown Conference Center, Box 222, Tarrytown, N.Y. 10591. (212) WE 3-1232, and (914) 591-8200.

FOR THE COLLECTOR

OLD AND RARE MAPS AND PRINTS. Lists available based on your specific interests. Lane's Repository, 1187-S Dakota, North Brunswick, N.J. 08902.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

FAKE GOLD BARS. Look, feel, weigh like the real thing. Comes with protective bag, impressive certificate. FUN TO OWN—FUN TO GIVE. $3.75 ppd. Joseph White, 16 Dufferin, St. Augustine, Fla. 32064.

VERMONT GIFTS from Maple Grove! Unusual Christmas Gift assortments; pure maple syrup, candies, Vermont cheeses and more. FREE Catalogue. 1 Quart Pure Maple Syrup $6.95 ppd. MAPLE GROVE, 163 Portland St., St. Johnsbury, Vt. 05819.

NEW UNIQUE GIFT IDEA—Quality custom cassette tape personalized for any occasion. Original words and music by The Friends. Free details. Tapes, Box 23307, San Jose, Calif. 95153.

DESIGNER NECKLACES, from stones world over. Color Brochure or visit: APSARA®, 18 West 45 Street, N.Y.C. 10036.

GIFT FOODS. Suppliers' list, $1. Extensive—confection to gourmet. Charles Newkirk, 2057 E. 14th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

HAND-MADE HARDWOOD JIG SAW PUZZLE. Child's name cut among interlocking pieces. Indicate age. $6.50 ppd. Catalogue-25¢. Weston Toy Works, Weston, Vt. 05161.

NON-COMPETITIVE GAMES for home, school, church. Play together, not against each other. Free catalogue: Family Pastimes (SR), R.R. 4, Perth, Ontario, Canada K7H 3C6.

GAMES

SMAD® BINGO CARD GAME. Players subtract, multiply, add, divide to win the bingo jackp$t. $2.98 + 50¢ postage; 2 sets $5.96 postpaid. Bingo, Dept.-SR, 5621 Peabody, Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

GENEALOGY

JOIN AMERICA'S HOTTEST TREND. Trace your ancestors. Challenging/rewarding. Easy inexpensive kit includes instructions, guide (bonus), chart, worksheets, two-foot family tree poster. $10.00 check/money order: ROOT-KIT INC., Post Box 156, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240.

LITERARY SERVICES

QUALITY BOOKS MANUFACTURED (HARD COVER & PAPERBACK) IN 90 DAYS OR LESS. Complete plant—typesetting, letterpress, offset, binding, jackets. For details and prices write Dept. 731. JERICHO BOOK MFG., 900 S. Oyster Bay Road, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801. (516) 822-5700.

CREATIVE ASSISTANCE in speeches, articles, novels. Robert Hogrogian. (201) 489-0637.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, Research writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! Research Unlimited, Box 300-S, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

SOCIETY OF EDUCATORS AND SCHOLARS offers Publishing Membership entitling you to refereed article publication. Interdisciplinary. 417 South Madison, Macomb, Ill. 61455.

EDITING, REVISING, manuscript typing, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. Fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Free AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION. Write Dorrance & Company, Dept. CA, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pa. 19003.

SERVICES

LECTURERS AVAILABLE: noted astronomers, psychiatrists, sexologists, film stars; Speakers Unlimited, 5 Irene St., Burlington, Mass. 01803. (617) 272-6377.

BOOKPLATES

FREE color catalogue offers scores of hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28BH, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

POETRY

POETRY WANTED for Anthology. Include stamped envelope. Contemporary Literature Press, P.O. Box 26462, San Francisco, Calif. 94126.

BOOKS

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Free catalogue. Write: Hamilton, 30-1 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

MUSIC/DANCE books. Lists. Brudvig. 68 South 12th, Minneapolis. 55403.

BOOKLOVERS. FREE color catalogue offers scores of bookplates and other hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28CC, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

EARTHPROBE by Starship. $3. ppd; Little Red Hen Pubcom, Jenner, Calif. 95450. 84 pp.

HOW TO TALK ABOUT YOURSELF AND OTHER PEOPLE AND SAY WHAT YOU MEAN. Talking about and reacting to other people accounts for more than half of what you say—so make it right. Get your hard-earned vocabulary off the tip of your tongue and back in your head. Reference handbook compiled by Robert Miller, M. Ed. identifies 412 familiar words and terms that make the difference between back yard fence gossip and articulate conversation. (i.e. overcompensate, patronizing, expedient. NOT the likes of eschew, misogynist, obfuscation). Words are defined and used in sentences. Knowing them is fine, but use them more often through periodic check or continuing review. I will pay tax and postage. Your total cost: $4.95. Multiple order discounts available. Refund guarantee. Send check or money order, along with name, address and zip to: Robert Miller Publications, P.O. Box 23368, Jacksonville, Fla. 32217.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE—Specializing in paperbacks, hardcovers. Magazines, out-of-print. SASE. Richard Chalfin, 47 West 71 St., New York, N.Y. 10023, Apt. 1F, Dept. B.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

WE FIND BOOKS! Rare or out-of-print. Free search. Eva Davis Books, 2 Prince Charles, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock .Write: Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 31061-W, Washington, D. C. 20031.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and every book guaranteed. You name it—we find it! International Bookfinders, Inc., Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS located, send in title, author: FREE SEARCH SERVICE, 41 Union Square, New York 10003.

SEND QUARTER FOR CATALOGUE: Bookfinder, 1950 Post, 108SR, San Francisco, Calif. 94115.

RARE OLD BOOKS ON AMERICA! Write for list to Florence Petersen, Cleghorn, Iowa 51014.

FREE INTERNATIONAL SEARCH. Prompt, personal attention to your needs. Bookfinders, Box 29604-SR9, Atlanta, Ga. 30359.

PERIODICALS

UNMUZZLED OX: Creely, Warhol, McCarthy, Dickey, Ginsberg: 8 issues $12: Box 840, New York 10013.

ART

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore. Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FOCUS 2000—The Photography Workshop. The experience of a lifetime. Intensive 3-day training in basic as well as advanced techniques. 10 beautiful U.S. weekend sites in Fall, 1977. Write/call for full-color brochure: Advances in Instruction, 757 Third Avenue, NYC 10017. Toll-free (800) 223-7640. Inside NY State (212) 888-2950.

COLOR SLIDES

ART—EDUCATIONAL—TRAVEL. 50,000 Individually sold. Samples—Listings $1.00. Visuals, 440 N.W. 130 Street, Miami, Fla. 33168.

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 41):
chants, stanch, snatch

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NSLA MEMBER SERVICES

RECORDS AND TAPES: Discount of 20% on world's largest selection of records and tapes, including many hard-to-find. All categories from classical to rock! For details and order forms, write: NSLA RECORDS AND TAPES SERVICE, P.O. Box 844, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036. No minimum purchase required.

BOOKS: Discount of 20% on all the newest best-sellers as well as most books of general interest currently published in hard cover editions. (Offer does not include text, technical and most University Press titles). For details and order forms, write: NSLA BOOK SERVICE, P.O. Box 66, Essex Fells, N.J. 07021. No minimum purchase required.

MUSIC

HARPSICHORD MUSIC. Urtext editions from all over the world, available postpaid. Also books on history and performance. Write for free catalogues. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222S, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS, VIRGINALS. Free color catalogue of kits and beautifully finished instruments. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

HARPSICHORD AND FORTEPIANO KITS. Authentic replicas of historical instruments in kit form for construction by the amateur craftsman. Illustrated brochure. Frank Hubbard Harpsichords, Inc., 185A-W Lyman Street, Waltham, Mass. 02154.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

BIOFEEDBACK

ALPHAPHONE® headset—brainwave trainer. Free catalogue. Aquarius Electronics, Box 96-CC, Albion, Calif. 95410.

RECORDS AND TAPES

RECORD JACKETS. Replace old, torn, LP jackets with clean, glossy, pure white jackets. Plastic-lined inner sleeves, opera boxes, 78 sleeves, double jackets. CABCORS, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

HISTORICAL OPERATIC PERFORMANCES—Live operatic performance tapes featuring the greatest singers of the past 45 years. Free catalogues on request. B AND B ENTERPRISES, LTD., 8304 Kerry Road, Chevy Chase, Md. 20015.

MUSIC MINUS ONE. World's Largest Collection of sing-along, play-along records. Write for free 96-page catalogue. Classical, Pop, Rock. MMO Music Group, 43 West 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare, out-of-print LPs. 64-page list $1.00. *ROBBER BRIDEGROOM* 7" STEREO —33⅓, 4 songs—Jerry Orbach; Virginia Vestoff $3.95; *La Strada, Mata Hari* EP $3.95; *Baker's Wife* cast LP $9.95. Broadway/Hollywood Recordings, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

SCHOOLS

DARROW, a mountainside co-educational boarding school. College prep, small classes, stimulating teachers. Twenty sports; outdoor program. Strong sense of community. Admissions without regard to race, religion, nationality. Write Porter Caesar, Admissions, Darrow School, New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

THE VERSHIRE SCHOOL. Co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff backgrounds include Foreign Service, business, and Peace Corps. Blending Peace Corps approaches (field study Mexico and Europe), imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent thousand acres scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm outstanding education. S. Ingham, Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

PRIVATE SCHOOL PLACEMENT SERVICE. Boarding, Grades 5-12. 163 High Street, Middletown, Conn. 06457. (203) 346-5111.

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL. Education for responsible living. Junior high. Family atmosphere. Integrated program of work, study, leisure. Mountain setting. Rt. 5, Burnsville, N.C. 28714.

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

DOCTORAL PROGRAMS FOR QUALIFIED PROFESSIONALS. Intensive residence alternates with independent study under faculty guidance. Compatible with employment. Licensed by Florida State Board of Colleges. Heed University, Box 311, Hollywood, Fla. 33022. (305) 925-1600.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL. Renowned Universities offer fully-accredited Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D.s . . . Free revealing details. Counseling, Box 317-RS1, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

DEGREES FOR WORKING ADULTS. Flexible requirements, credit for life experience, independent study courses. Fully accredited, low tuition, no residency needed. BOG Program, Box SR, WIU, Macomb, Ill. 61455.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for self-motivated adults. Two-week residences in Vermont or California alternate with 6-month home study projects under faculty supervision leading to fully accredited B.A. Also unusual Residential, Graduate and Teacher Certification programs available. Approved for payment of Veterans' benefits. Write Box S, A.D.P., Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. 05667. Goddard Collage admits students of any race, color, nationality, sex or ethnic origin.

THE SCHOOL FOR ENTREPRENEURS.
"Everybody talks about entrepreneurship."
We teach it.
The Tarrytown House Executive Conference Center has expanded the schedule of its celebrated 2-week-end course. Write for brochure: Tarrytown Conference Center, Box 222, Tarrytown, N.Y. 10591. (212) WE 3-1232, and (914) 591-8200.

CAMPS

FABULOUS SUMMER CAMP 6-18 and conference center. APPEL FARM ARTS & MUSIC CENTER, Elmer, N.J. 08318.

STUDIES ABROAD

OXFORD—WHY NOT STUDY AT A BRITISH COLLEGE? ★ Wide selection of courses—U.S. transfer credit. ★ Personal tutoring with Oxford faculty. ★ Semester, Year Abroad, Summer and Degree programmes. Details: Registrar (SR) WARNBOROUGH COLLEGE, Oxford OX1 5ED, England.

SCHILLER COLLEGE EUROPE—Heidelberg, Strasbourg, Paris, London, Madrid. Liberal arts curricula: academic-year and summer programs. American credit system. U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118.

LANGUAGE LEARNING NEED NOT BE LONG. With total immersion, family living and 30 hrs. of programmed instruction a week it takes 8 and 13 weeks to achieve oral and written fluency. Programs open year round to determined beginners and near beginners. *French*: Normandy-Nice. *German*: Berlin (Spring '78). Send all particulars to FASC Programs, Manoir de Faugernon-14100 Lisieux, France.

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 91* (see page 45): If words were invented to conceal thought, newspapers are a great improvement on a bad invention. —Thoreau

JOHN CABOT INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE. Non-profit corporation registered Washington, D.C. Authorised Italian Ministry of Education, Rome, offers courses starting September, January, April in: LIBERAL ARTS: Humanities, Social, Natural, Computer, Secretarial Sciences. BUSINESS MANAGEMENT: B.B.A. program. PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION/URBAN PLANNING: M.S. program. Affiliations: Hiram College, Ohio, U.S.A. (Founded 1850). International University of Rome. Accreditation: Transcripts issued in U.S. for any American University. Member: American Assembly Collegiate Schools of Business. Association International Colleges and Universities, European Council of International Schools, Near East, South Asia Council Overseas Schools. CABOT COLLEGE (Box A), VIALE POLA, 12, ROME. Tel: 855241.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY, FRANCE, SPAIN, ENGLAND. See Schiller College Europe under "Studies Abroad" High School, undergraduate and graduate programs.

TRAVEL

ROAM THE WORLD by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! Freighters, 163-09 ZR. Depot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

THIS AD + $11.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, NYC 10036, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles-$18.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

EXPLORE POLYNESIA: Unique expeditions visit unspoiled traditional villages, meeting Pacific Islanders in their own environment. UTA French Airlines, P.O. Box 9000, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406, or Goodman's GoodTravel Tours, Dept. SR, 5332 College, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

ADIRONDACKANA. Painting reproductions, boat plans and books about N.Y.'s wilderness in a free booklet. Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y. 12812.

VISIT Shelburne Museum. See Vermont's October Foliage! 35 Buildings; 100 acres. Furnished period houses. American Art. Sidewheeler Ticonderoga; Stage Coach Inn; Locomotive, Cars. Carriages, Coaches. Antiques, much more! Rt. 7, Shelburne, Vt. 05482. FOLDER. Dept. S-7.

FAMILY OF MAN SEMINAR, planned with UNICEF, offers 23 escorted days Pacific Islands, New Zealand, Australia and Orient. March. Harold Kuebler, Director, 639 Park, Huntington, N.Y. 11743.

SAN FRANCISCO ON $40.00 A WEEK INCLUDING MEALS! Unique residence club beats the high cost of living. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento St. 94109. (415) 474-6200.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BEST BUY—Hotel Cecil—one block from Union Square. A warm welcome awaits you in a charming European atmosphere. Courtesy coffee—Sun deck—Family rates. Write for brochure: 545 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 673-3733.

SERENDIP? SRI LANKA? One & same. Former is Hugh Walpole name for latter. You call it Ceylon. Serendipity: "facility making fortunate discoveries by accident". You are serendipitous to learn *where tourist dollar buys $1.65 local currency.* Will love "lost" cities 2,500 years old, Asia's best game parks, tea-clad mountains, fabulous beach resorts. Is your bag scuba, golf, gems, batiks, orchids, spices? See Sri Lanka/Ceylon; multiply serendipity. CEYLON TOURIST BOARD, 609 5th Ave., NYC 10017. Dept. SR7.

VACATIONS

AN IMPOSSIBLY ROMANTIC private island paradise, in the Grenadines, with beach, pool, tennis, sailing and snorkeling. Limited to 50 guests Brochure. YOUNG ISLAND, 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

NEWAGEN INN—Where Sea, Cliffs, and Spruce Forest meet. Box 90, Newagen, Maine 04552.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM. Beautiful, serene, secluded. Tennis. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

UNSPOILED ANGUILLA (snorkeling, tennis). RENDEZVOUS BAY HOTEL (reasonable). Brochure. SR Box 1053.

PILGRIM'S INN, DEER ISLE, MAINE (04627). See Fall on coastal Maine, from the comfort of a distinctive colonial inn. Brochure. (207) 348-6615.

Take a THRIFTRIP to San Francisco. The Hotel Manx, located in the heart of the city, 350 feet from Union Square, offers cable cars at the door. World famous shops, fine restaurants and theaters nearby. Reasonable rates. Write for color brochure. Hotel Manx, 225 Powell Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 421-7070.

200 YEAR-OLD SPANISH RANCH. Unexcelled riding, great birding, delightful dining, sunshine, quiet. Rancho de la Osa, Sasabe, Ariz. 85633.

"CARIBEPLAYA," PATILLAS, PUERTO RICO'S (00723) remarkable Caribbean seaside resort now accepting efficiency apartment reservations.

ALL THE EXTRAS AT NO EXTRA CHARGE at Little Dix Bay on beautiful Virgin Gorda in the British Virgin Islands. All fall (now to Nov. 1), lower rates include free use of five tennis courts (for only 68 rooms), snorkeling, waterskiing and water taxis to other beaches and islands. Ask your travel agent about special Tennis, Scuba, Honeymoon and Little Dix/Caneel Bay Combination plans (now to Oct. 31, 1977). Or call in New York (212) 586-4459. LITTLE DIX BAY, Virgin Gorda, B.V.I. Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

ANTIGUA, W.I. VILLA, 2 bedrooms, baths. Spectacular beach, view. Free water sports. Brochure: Seely, 629 Signalhill, Barrington, Ill. 60010.

RETIREMENT LIVING

SHENANDOAH VALLEY, VIRGINIA. Free information: homes, farmettes, mountain and waterfront properties. John L. Hopkins III, Box 27, McGaheysville, Va. 22840. (703) 289-4131, 8:30 A.M.-5:00 P.M. from Monday to Friday. All other times (703) 289-5222.

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS finest in Crestview Club Apartments. Cablevision, cultural activities, gourmet dining, beautiful natural surroundings. Comfort, friendship, the independence to travel as you wish. Health care if the need arises. Life Lease and monthly plan available. For further information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Administrative Director, Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

APARTMENTS FOR EXCHANGE

FLORENCE, ITALY. Exchange 2-bedroom apartment historical center for 1-bedroom apartment east side Manhattan. October 1977 to June 1978. Adults only. No pets. Mrs. Zezza Lungarno, Corsini 6, 50124 Firenze.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

COME TO OAK PARK—The unique suburb 12 minutes from Chicago's Loop by public transportation. Historic architecture—community activism. Great schools, day care. Free apartment referral service. Ms. Wright, Oak Park Housing Center, 1041 South Boulevard, Oak Park, Ill. 60302. (312) 848-7150.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacation. Write: Vacation Exchange Club (R), 350 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10013.

EXCHANGES/RENTALS. Professional-Executive homes. Inquiline, Box 208-D, Katonah, N.Y. 10536.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home SR Box 635.

HOUSES FOR RENT

NEAR SALZBURG, CHALET FOR RENT, Traunssee, long term, economy; Sattler, (614) 446-4885.

LARGE MOUNTAIN RETREAT. Grand piano. 4 acres. Winter rental. (212) 666-0851.

ITALY Florence Siena 16th century farmhouse furnished, modern facilities. Call (312) 871-2319.

SEASIDE CORSICAN VILLA. 3 bedrooms, baths, author, sabbatical. October. (401) 521-3557.

HOUSES FOR SALE

1781 COLONIAL, Leyden, Massachussetts. Authentically restored with early wall decoration. 14 rooms, 7 fireplaces, 14 scenic acres with pond, barn. $155,000. By owner (413) 367-9512.

KANSAS CITY—Noted Architect's contemporary home on wooded acre. Within private lake community. Security Guard—PGA Golf Course—Tennis—Swimming—Fishing—25 minutes downtown. $200,000. Olson Quivira Realtor. (913) 631-7376.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing Office, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

OWN CASTLE FOR VACATIONS! From $3,000. European Catalogue, $5. SR Box 2221.

BERMUDA—Homes for Sale or Rent, write Colin Anderson, Kitson and Company, P.O. Box 449 Hamilton, Bermuda, giving the number in party and specific dates.

BIG . . . NEW . . . FREE . . . FALL CATALOGUE! Over 2,500 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

MAGNIFICENT PRE-CIVIL WAR log house restored, enlarged on 137 acres in Greenbriar County, W. Virginia. Two year-round springs, mineral/timber rights. $98,000.00. Greenbrier Real Estate Service, Lewisburg, W. Va. 24901.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. For immediate sale—lovely, money-losing inn, 1805 residence, 7 rooms all with baths. Heated, 4 working fireplaces. Dining room seating 40, spacious garden. 10-year reputation as one of three best island restaurants, espc. breakfasts, with published cookbook to prove it. Six figures. Contact P.O. Box 341, Nantucket 02554. Or, (617) 228-2262.

VIRGINIA'S Blue Ridge Mountains. Whiskey Hill Farm, Culpeper 16 miles, 215 acres, forest, meadow and water; state road dead ends at farm. Farmhouse 11 rooms, water/electricity, reputedly with ghost. Price $135,000.

Also, Raven Roost, rustic geodesic dome of timber and stone top of mountain ridge with operating windmill, 189 acres wildlife including practically new cottage, all 30 minutes from Univ. Virginia. Price $200,000 (or will divide in two). Photos on request. (804) 296-6104 Stevens & Company, Realtors, Box 213, Charlottesville, Va. 22901.

HILLTOP COUNTRYSIDE, 48 miles from George Washington Bridge. 1-acre lots from $10,000 to $12,000. Pendell and Hawkins, Washingtonville, N.Y. 10992. (914) 496-4250.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

U.S. FIRMS OVERSEAS—Complete information on hundreds of worldwide companies. Send $6.96: Globalemploy (LCKT), Box 4499-B, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!! 50,000 jobs! Transportation! Latest information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 8489-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, all occupations, high pay, transportation, tax benefits, computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$10,000-$50,000+. Free Information! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 5529W, Washington, DC 20016.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J. Boston, Mass. 02103.

HIGH-PAYING JOBS IN CIVIL SERVICE at home/abroad. Qualify easily with PASSBOOKS® 78. Send $1.000 for complete job opportunities catalogue. INSCO, Box 8-SR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

80+ PAGES OF School, College, University vacancies. Nationwide; monthly: $6/1, $16/4, $30/8. TEACHER INFORMATION EXCHANGE, Box 306-E, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

BAHAMAS NEED YOU NOW! Paradise. All occupations. Detailed Reports $2.00. Golden Latshaw, Box 1256-W, Thousand Oaks 91360.

EXECUTIVE RESUME GUIDE, *An Executive Recruiter's Guide to Resume Writing*. $5.95. Consultants Publishing Co., Box 3171, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

SELL QUALITY APPALACHIAN HANDCRAFTED fashions, gifts, quilts through home-showing method. For further information on becoming a commissioned retail sales representative write Appalachian Craftsmen, Inc., 1209 3rd Ave., Huntington, W. VA. 25701.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE? —business of your own, or full- or part-time money making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 952, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago 60611.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barnett, Dept. C-310H, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660.

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used-book store! Details, SR Box 1009.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

JEEPS $59.30!—CARS—$33.50!—200,000 ITEMS! —GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services, Department P-18, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109. (433 California).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 M	2 B		3 Q	4 R	5 P		6 S	7 Q	8 A	9 L	10 P	11 G	12 C		13 R	14 N
	15 D	16 Q		17 G	18 F	19 L	20 R	21 E	22 N	23 H		24 M	25 U		26 R	27 J
28 G	29 I	30 K	31 O		32 F	33 C	34 A	35 Q	36 L	37 N	38 P		39 J	40 E	41 D	42 B
43 Q		44 P		45 F	46 A	47 T		48 E	49 T	50 H	51 D	52 A		53 R	54 H	
55 U	56 E	57 N	58 J	59 B	60 F	61 H	62 C		63 M	64 J	65 V	66 D	67 C	68 Q	69 K	70 N
	71 R	72 K	73 L		74 V	75 B		76 E	77 C	78 G	79 L	80 H	81 T		82 O	83 K
84 P	85 Q	86 I	87 J	88 B		89 U	90 A		91 E	92 H	93 D	94 V		95 F	96 S	97 G
98 Q	99 O		100 N		101 Q	102 B	103 J	104 P		105 A	106 K	107 G	108 V		109 S	110 F
111 O	112 E		113 B	114 T		115 G	116 Q	117 M	118 P	119 J		120 A	121 E	122 T	123 F	124 L
125 G	126 I		127 V	128 H		129 M	130 J	131 R		132 C	133 Q		134 U	135 A	136 J	137 H
	138 V	139 G	140 I		141 F	142 B	143 M	144 P	145 U		146 R	147 S	148 Q		149 K	150 T
151 L		152 N	153 G	154 I	155 Q		156 H	157 S		158 B	159 F	160 D	161 A	162 U		163 R
164 V	165 N	166 F		167 M	168 Q	169 S	170 E	171 G		172 O	173 U	174 N		175 M	176 K	177 V
	178 L	179 S	180 D		181 F	182 I		183 T	184 S	185 P	186 A	187 E		188 U	189 I	190 J

Number 131

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. "I have not flatter'd its ——, nor bow'd / To its idolatries" (2 wds.; Byron, "Childe Harold")	8 34 52 105 120 161 186 46 90 135
B. Theodoric the Great, for instance	142 158 2 42 75 88 102 113 59
C. Lump or mass	62 77 132 67 12 33
D. Surround with foliage	41 93 15 160 51 66 180
E. Melville calls him "a diademed king of the sea" (2 wds.; *Moby Dick*)	187 21 48 91 112 170 40 56 76 121
F. Son of Apollo and Acacallis	123 141 159 45 60 95 110 166 181 18 32
G. Nonexistence; utter insignificance	78 107 115 139 153 171 11 28 97 125 17
H. Down the drain, kaput, shot (3 wds.)	23 50 61 80 128 156 54 92 137
I. Prophet of the sixth century B.C.	140 154 182 29 86 126 189
J. City on Lake Erie	190 27 58 119 136 39 64 87 103 130
K. Forbearing, merciful; not harsh or severe	69 83 106 176 30 72 149
L. Tired, weary	178 9 19 36 79 124 151 73
M. Absorbing, assimilating, drinking	117 129 63 24 175 1 143 167
N. Spiral turns or wreaths	165 174 70 37 57 100 14 22 152
O. Largest of the New Hebrides	31 82 111 172 99
P. Opinion, feeling	5 84 118 185 44 38 144 10 104
Q. King of Wessex, 899–924; son of Alfred and father of Athelstan (3 wds.)	43 148 3 68 98 35 7 116 133 155 85 101 16 168
R. City on the Chao Phraya River, south central Thailand	146 26 53 13 20 163 4 131 71
S. Displayed ostentatiously (2 wds.)	6 96 179 109 147 169 184 157
T. Stand of fruit or nut trees	114 49 122 150 183 81 47
U. River flowing from Mattagami Lake, Quebec, NW to James Bay	25 173 134 162 89 55 188 145
V. Slaving; grilling; getting into a lather	65 108 94 164 138 127 74 177

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 130: (Bruce D.) Price: In Praise of Stark Lucidity
The trouble with mushy language is that we no longer know what reality, if any, is being discussed. The language has ceased to point, has ceased to communicate any information about the hard push of reality. In short, English becomes fettucini.
From *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, March 14, 1977. **Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 129** *on page 59.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carter and Abortion

"Abortion is not a mink stole; it is an inexpensive operation that can help people control their own lives."

In his first months in office, President Carter demonstrated an uncanny instinct for image building. By means of relatively trivial actions and gestures, he implied his deeper purposes. Carrying his own luggage implied austerity in the White House (even while the White House staff burgeoned). Wearing a cardigan during the fireside chat on energy implied (a) humility and (b) resourcefulness in dealing with the problems caused by an energy shortage. Former commander Carter piloting a new attack submarine suggested President Carter competently guiding the nation.

The image President Carter created was that of a man who thought himself no better than his fellowmen, who was judicious, matter-of-fact, competent, and above all compassionate toward sufferers both at home and in foreign countries.

The image was a popular success. The electorate's belief in the presidency, which had sunk to an all-time low in the Nixon era, rebounded. This President, it appeared, was really a President of *all* the people, rich and poor, black and white. But then, a crack appeared in the image. A statement at a midsummer press conference seemed to indicate that the real President, the man behind the image, was not as logical, competent, and compassionate as he had appeared.

Question: "Mr. President, how comfortable are you with the recent Supreme Court decision that says the federal government is not obligated to provide money for abortions for women who cannot afford to pay for them themselves?"

Answer: "I do not think that the federal government should finance abortions except when the woman's life is threatened or when the pregnancy was a result of rape or incest."

Question: "Well, then, how fair do you believe it is then that women who can afford to get an abortion can go ahead and have one and women who cannot afford to are precluded from this?"

Answer: "Well, as you know, there are many things in life that are not fair, that wealthy people can afford and poor people can't. But I don't believe that the federal government should take action to try to make these opportunities exactly equal, particularly when there is a moral factor involved."

From a logical perspective, the President's position makes no sense. The "moral factor" has been resolved. By its 1973 ruling, the Supreme Court has made the right to elective abortions a constitutional right. However repugnant abortions may be to some individuals, they are acceptable to society. To say that they are acceptable and then to deny Medicaid funds to perform them is, as Justice Harry Blackmun said in his dissenting opinion to the Supreme Court's June 20 ruling on this subject, to "accomplish indirectly . . . what [the states] could not do directly. Implicit in the Court's holding is the condescension that [the poor] may go elsewhere for abortions. I find that . . . alarming, almost reminiscent of 'Let them eat cake.'"

From an economic point of view, the budget-balancing President's position makes no sense. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare estimates that the cost of an abortion in the first three months of pregnancy is $150, while the first-year cost to taxpayers of supporting an unwanted child is $2,200. To argue that providing Medicaid funds for abortions will encourage women to use them as a form of contraception and thus increase the cost to taxpayers is plausible but shortsighted. A single abortion will always be cheaper than financing a child's whole upbringing until he or she can work for a living.

Also, from a sociological point of view, the President's position makes no sense. The principal victims of the government's "thrift" are the poor. Because of their inadequate educational opportunities, the poor have been the least likely to benefit from instruction about contraception. By refusing to give abortions to the poor, we increase the number of the poor and make the already awesome problems of our inner cities that much less manageable. To strap a young girl with a child she doesn't want is to pour salt on what many consider society-inflicted wounds.

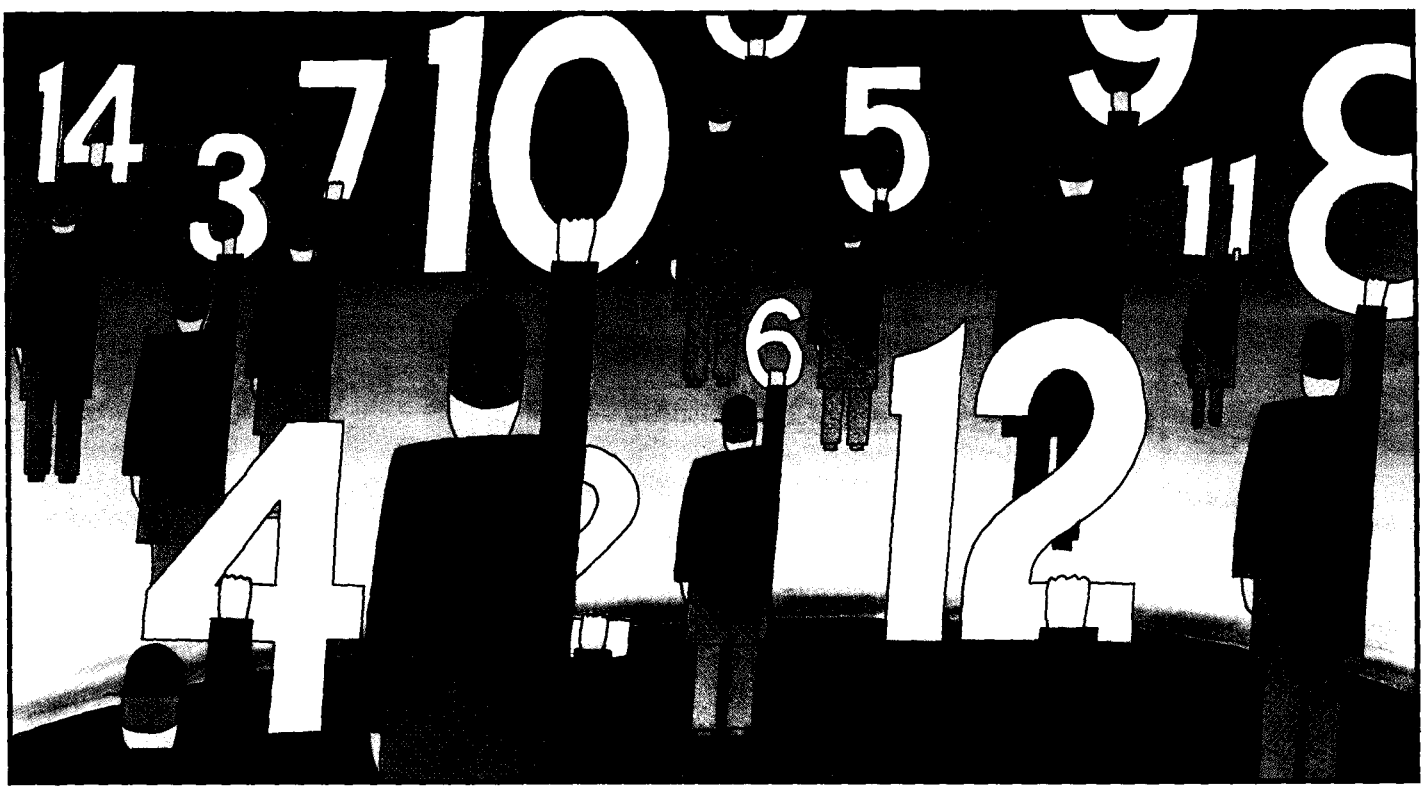
The last thing Jimmy Carter wants to have said about himself is that he lacks compassion. Yet to characterize the right not to have a child as just another luxury that "wealthy people can afford and poor people can't" is to demonstrate little empathy with the lot of the poor. Abortion is not a mink stole; it is an inexpensive operation that can help people control their own lives.

Carter's other actions prove that he is not uncaring. His recently unveiled welfare program is a judicious, generous, and ambitious attempt to create a government assistance program that does not perpetuate itself or demean the people whom it is meant to serve. His insistence on minority representation in government, his close ties with the former leaders of the civil rights movement, and his attacks on such supposedly elitist privileges as expense account lunches (the disallowal of which would hurt restaurateurs much more than it would the overweight business community) have persuaded the poor that their voices are being heard in the White House.

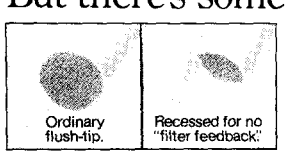
That the President has succeeded so well in persuading us that he is President of *all* the people is all the more reason why he should reverse his position on abortion and work to provide government funds for the operation. His other logical, competent, and compassionate programs will mean little to the poor young mother who looks at the infant she did not want to have and thinks of it as "President Carter's baby." —CARLL TUCKER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.

10 mg. Kings
12 mg. 100's

More than just a low-tar number. Parliament.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg."tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg."tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Apr.'77.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEWAR'S® PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

JIM SIMON

HOME: North Hollywood, California

AGE: 30

PROFESSION: Film animation producer, director and designer

HOBBIES: Music, painting, handball.

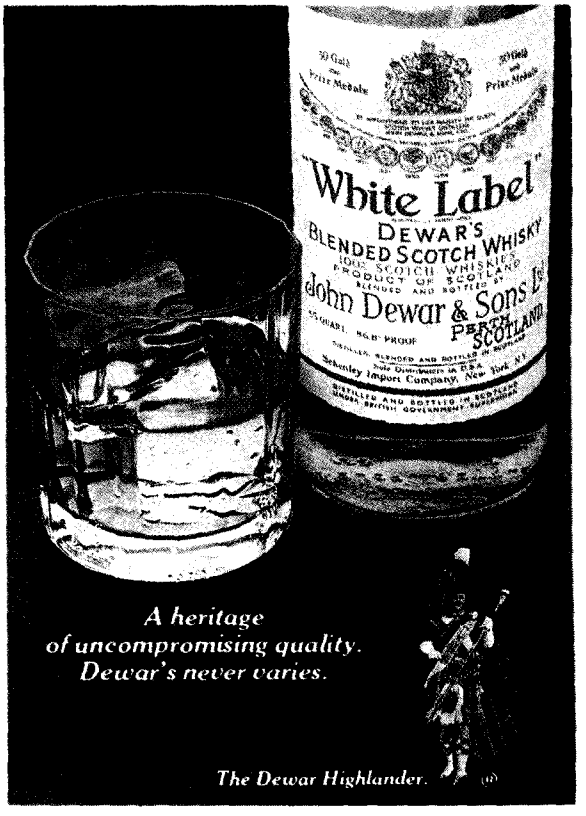
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Hobbit" by J.R.R. Tolkien

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Winning the U.S.A. Film Festival Award for "The Strike," a five-minute animated film produced for the Black Psychiatrists of America.

QUOTE: "Animation is a great deal more than funny characters. Because of its unique ability to bridge the gap between fantasy and reality, its potential is, in many ways, almost limitless."

PROFILE: Outgoing and genuinely friendly. Has an infectious enthusiasm for being alive, which he injects into the outrageous characters he creates.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"®



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED